



The Famous and Pleasant
HISTORY
O F
P A R I S M U S,
The Valiant and Renowned
Prince of **BOHEMIA**

In Three Parts.

PART I. Containing his Triumphant Battles fought against the *Persians*, his Love to the Beautiful *Laurana*, the great Dangers he passed in the *Island of Rocks*, and his strange Adventures in the *Desolate Island*.

PART II. Containing the Adventurous Travels, and Noble Chivalry of *Parismones*, The Knight of Fame, with his Love to the fair Princess *Angelica*, the Lady of the Golden Tower.

PART III. Containing the Admirable Adventures and truly Heroick Achievements of *Parismonides*, Knight of the Golden Star, with his Love to the Fair *Astrea*, Princess of *Austrasia*, and other rare Adventures.

The Seventh Edition.

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HISTORY
OF
PARLIAMENTS
OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND



THE HISTORY OF THE PARLIAMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

The Preface to the READER.

Courteous Reader,

IN this Book you will find such Variety of excellent Passages; so taking and delightful, that I may well say it is a Garden of Pleasure to refresh the Mind, and recreate the Senses; here the Conquests of Beauty, Valour, and Virtue, are mixed and interwoven like Roses, Lillies, and Jessamine, that compose and enamel a fragrant Bower, each striving which shall add most to your Countenance.

The Loves of the valiant Parismus and the beautiful Laurana, are no less Strangers to the World, than those of Parismenos and the fair Angelica; a History it is that has found Acceptance with Persons of all Degrees, whose Pages have been many times drowned with Ladies Tears, flowing from a tender Compassion to suffering Lovers, whose Virtues contended with their adverse Fates and doubtful Fortunes, and, after long combating, broke, through many Dangers, like the Sun, after a black and a frightful Tempest, shineth clear again, to their Joy and Comfort.

The main Design and End of this Book, is, to encourage Virtue and true Magnanimity, by the Examples of the chiefest Character lively represented in it; and though, at first sight, it appears to be only the History of Parismus, Parismenos, Parismenides and Alstrea, yet it

The Preface to the Reader.

contains various Histories of the Advantures of other renowned Knights, with their Passions and different Successes in Love and Arms; the destroying of Tyrants and Oppressors, and rescuing the Distress'd from their eminent Dangers, with the Satisfaction they received thereby and communicated to others.

The Third Part, added to the two former, is intirely New, exceeding passionate and diverting, treating as the other of Love and Honour in the highest Degree, acquired by Persons proceeding from the same Stem, equally noble and virtuous, compleating the entire History, of which there can be no more expected: And indeed what excellent Variety it contains, may be sufficient to raise Wonder in the Reader, and such Contentment as is not any where else to be found of the same Nature; and for that reason it was acquired so high a Reputation in the World.

To be brief, It contains whatever is desirable and pleasing of this Nature, and cannot, for any thing I conceive, miss of a kind Entertainment, especially with the younger Sort: And, to others, it may not be ungrateful, but antidote Melancholy, and divert them at leisure Hours, by unbending their Care, and dissipate the Dulness of the Spirits, that too tedious a Pursuit of Business brings upon them. So no longer to detain you, I wish you as much Pleasure in Reading, as I had in Writing it.

The



The Famous and Renowned

History of *PARISMUS*.

CHAP. I.

Hom Parisinus, Prince of Bohemia, arriv'd in Theffaly, and by the Assistance of his trusty Friend Oristus, got a sight of the incomparable Princess Laurana.



P*arismus*, Son and Heir apparent to the King of *Bohemia*, having at home given sufficient Testimony of his Princely Courage, began now to think of manifesting his Valour abroad, and led especially by the Fame of *Laurana*,

Heire's to the Crown of *Thessaly*, and Daughter to *Dionysius* King thereof; he determin'd, with an honourable Retinue to visit the Court of *Thebes*, the Metropolis of that Country: Where, being received with all imaginable Courtesie and Magnificence, he resolv'd to spend sometime, there encouraging himself with secret Hopes of enjoying the Beloved (though yet unseen) *Laurana*. Nor was *Parismus* the only person that entertained those groundless Hopes; for as the World was filled with the Reports, so was her Father's Court with Princes, that continually resorted thither in hopes of gaining her Affection; amongst whom was one *Sicanus*, Prince of *Persia*, who, with the King and Queen of *Hungary*, Prince of *Sparta*, and Lady *Isabella*, came thither about the same Time, and upon the same Account.

Dionysius, famous as well for the Hospitality of his Court, as the Beauty of his Daughter, entertain'd them with like Courtesie and Civility; but *Laurana*, who had observed the two Princes severally at their Approach, conceived in her tender Heart, an Inclination rather to like *Parismus* than *Sicanus*; not that she knew either their Business or their Qualities, much less their Names, or of what Country they were; but seeing *Parismus*, enter the Palace, being a Prince of comely Gesture,

sture, and Masculine Beauty, she could not refrain from calling *Leda*, her Maid, to the Chamber-window, to ask her Opinion concerning him; nor from speaking many things in Commendation of so worthy a Personage.

No sooner had he withdrawn himself, and entered the Palace, but *Laurana* began immediately to find in herself, a sensible Alteration; sometimes she blush'd, as if she had been in Fault, and then presently she look'd pale, for fear of being discover'd; sometimes she sigh'd, which she endeavour'd to drown in a Cough, and sometimes study'd, which she always put off with a Smile: This Diversity of Passions, she no more knew how to prevent, than to guess from whence they came: But *Leda* being a more experienc'd Amourist, soon guess'd at the Distemper by the Symptoms, and though she seem'd to discern nothing, because she saw her Lady desired to have it so, yet she easily found all the Signs and Tokens of an ensuing Fit of Love.

Dionysius in the mean Time entertaining the young Princes and Nobles with all the Splendor of his Court, (expecting the fair *Laurana*) gave all the Satisfaction and Content they could wish or imagine; only *Parisus*, fill'd with the Expectation of so Divine a Creature, could take Delight in

none of all the costly Delicacies there provided; which, while the other Guests most lavishly wasted and devoured, he in the mean time cautiously fed himself even with the Despair of seeing *Laurana*. However, he seemed to do like the rest, that so his Concernment might not be misconstrued, as an Effect of his Dislike; nor truly construed, for an Effect of his Love. Dinner ended, (with *Parismus* before it begun) the Company retired into the Gardens, which were most sumptuous and delightful, as well for Use as Ornament, and fraught with all manner of Fruits to please the Palate, as well as Flowers to gratifie the other Senses. Here, while the Nobles were diverting themselves according to their several Inclinations, *Parismus* singling out his trusty Friend *Oristus*, took him aside to a private and melancholy Walk in the Wilderness, and there, after some leading Questions about indifferent Matters, he came to ask him how he liked the Court of *Dionysius*: and whether those Gardens were not much more pleasant than any in *Bohemia*? &c. To all which *Oristus* having answer'd in such a manner as he thought might best please the Prince, he at last desired pardon of *Parismus*, if he likewise might presume, without Offence to ask his Highness one innocent Question; to whom *Parismus* replied, That an
in-

innocent Question could offend none but in churlish Disposition, though propounded by an Enemy or Stranger, much less from a Bosom-friend: Then replied *Oristus*, Is not my Lord in trouble of Mind, that he hath not yet enjoy'd the sight of his beloved Laurana? To whom *Parismus* replied, My dear *Oristus*, thou art so much the Partner of my Heart, that I can keep no Secret from thee; and when for a time I endeavour to be so unkind, my very self discovers that which I endeavour to conceal: 'Tis that, and only that which disquieteth me, and takes from me the Beauty of those delightful Gardens, and, indeed, of every Place where she is not, or, at least, not to be seen; *Oristus* perceiving him grow into a kind of amorous Extasie, desired him to mitigate his passion, and he question'd not by the interest he had in the Lord *Remus*, (a great Favourite) to procure him not only the Sight, but the Speech of the admired Lady; which for the present gave him some Satisfaction, being willing to believe what he so much desired, though at present he saw no way how it might probably be effected.

The Evening wasting with many Delightful and Princely Exercises, they began to think of repairing every one to their respective Lodging, whither they were severally attended; and though the Apartment allotted for *Parismus* was more richly

richly adorned than any of the rest, yet such was his disquiet of Mind, that notwithstanding the Comfort *Oristus* gave him, he took little rest that Night, but spent the solitary Hours in Contemplation of a Person he had never seen, and in framing for her such Features as were best pleasing to himself.

Early in the Moring, *Dionysius*, according to his usual Custom, rose up to go a Hunting; and visiting his Guests of chiefest Note, desired their Company; but *Oristus*, purposing to perform his Promise, staid behind with the Lord *Remus*, who invited him to take a Walk in the Gardens, and view the magnificent Heighth, and spacious Circumference of the Palace; which, when *Oristus* had sufficiently viewed, but could never sufficiently admire, as they were returning by the Way of the Privy-garden, they were happily met by the Illustrious *Laurana*, who, with her Maid *Leda*, was coming to take the Benefit of the Morning-air, at a Time she thought all the Strangers of the Court had been rode a Hunting; she at first started at the sight of the strange Knight, but seeing him in the Company of the Lord *Remus*, she came with the greater Confidence, and said, *I thought, my Lord, this fine Morning would certainly have drawn your Lordship into the Field, who hath always been a profest Huntsman.*

Truly,

Truly, Madam, said he, were I always sure to be thus rewarded with a sight of the Princess Laurana, I doubt I should prove but a lazy Huntsman: I confess, at this, I design'd not my self so great a Happiness, but slid in Civility to this Gentleman, who had otherwise been alone. Then, recommending Oristus to a Kiss of her fair Hand, she modestly gave him a hearty Welcome to her Father's Court, and pursued her Walk. Oristus understanding her to be the Princess, thought himself made most happy by this Encounter; and being inform'd by the Lord Remus of her Apartment, he took particular notice thereof, and so in Civility left the Princess to her private Cogitations.

The King and Train returning about Noon, *Parismus*, who took but small Delight in the Pastime of the Morning, came with an amorous Impatience to enquire of *Oristus*, what News, whether he had seen his fair One, or discovered her Apartment. But *Oristus*, having desired his Highness jestingly, to be a little Patient, and not to ask two Questions, before he had answered one, gave him a full Account of all that had happened, with such high Commendations of the Princess, as had been Flattery of any Woman but her self. With what joyful Earnestness *Parismus* heard him, let the Reader judge; and yet

yet therewith no way satisfied, he almost envy'd even his dearest Friend so great an Happiness. However, being certified of her Lodging, he resolved within himself to walk there continually in hopes of blessing his Eyes with so Divine a Spectacle. In Prosecution of which Design, taking a small Book out of his Pocket, and dismissing *Oristus*, he immediately repaired to the Tarras-walk, just under her Chamber; and there made several Turns, casting an Eye much oftner towards her Window, than towards the little Volume he had in his Hand, as hoping indeed to see there much the fairer *Impression* of the two: *Laurana*, by this time opening the Casement, upon some accidental Occasion, and not seeing the Prince, gave him unawares the full View of her Face, which Sight he so eagerly enjoyed, that he had almost lost himself in Admiration; as sometimes poor hunger starv'd Marriners long detained from Food, have devoured their Meat, at first, so greedily, that they have immediately perished therewith. But to keep the Prince from surfeiting, *Laurana* had no sooner espied there a strange Knight, but she immediately clapt to the Casement, and through the Crevices thereof gave herself the Satisfaction she denied her Lover, who, understanding by his Friend *Oristus*, that the King waited for his

his Company at Dinner, was forced to quit the Tarras, and betake himself to a Banquet far less delightful than what he there enjoyed.

The greatest part of Dinner time he spent in Contemplation of his late happy Success in enjoying the Sight of his Beloved; the rest he employed in contriving how he might come to the Speech of her; which, having modelled according to his Fancy, he rose as it were abruptly from the Table, and withdrawing himself to his Apartment, sent an Excuse to the King, by one of his Servants, desiring his Majesty's gracious Pardon for his rude Departure, which he hoped the Indisposition of his Body would excuse. *Dionysius*, concern'd for the Prince's Sicknels, as soon as Dinner was ended, went to give him a Visit, which *Parisinus* suspecting, he set a Page at his Chamber-door, to acquaint his Majesty, or any else that should come there, that the Prince was in a Slumber, and desired not to be disturbed. This Excuse gave *Dionysius* Satisfaction for the present; and *Parisinus* Opportunity to carry on the Design of seeing his Mistress, unsuspected, which he effected in manner following.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

How Parismus discovered his Love to Laurana at a Masque, upon her Birth-day, as they were Dancing together; and how (to their great Disquiet) Laurana is promised by the King, her Father, in Marriage to his Rival Sicanus, Son and Heir to the Emperor of Persia: Letters that passed between Parismus and Laurana; and the jealous Envy of Sicanus.



HAVING understood from his Friend *Oristus*, by Information of the Lord *Remus*, that this was *Laurana's* Birth-day, and that the Queen *Olive* had ordered a Royal Banquet to be prepared for the Entertainment of her Princely Guests, at which *Laurana* was to appear in publick, (which she never did but upon such Occasions) *Parismus* projected with *Oristus* and some

Some other of the *Bohemian* Court, to entertain the Company with a Mask; hoping by that Device, to attain to the Speech of the incomparable *Laurana*, to which end he had counterfeited Sickness, to avoid Suspicion: This Design being secretly carried on, Supper-time approach'd, which, with the Sumptuousness of the Entertainment, and the Presence of the admired *Laurana*, gave infinite Satisfaction to the Partakers. And now the Company of the *Bohemian* Prince seem'd to be the only thing wanting to make their Happiness compleat, especially to the inestimable Princess, who, not daring to make an Enquiry, wondred that among so many worthy Knights, she could not espy the Princely Countenance of that gallant Person she had the same Day seen walking in the Tarras. While she was in these Contemplations, Notice was given, that a Set of Masquers were entring to divert that Royal Assembly; which, after Preparation made, were admitted accordingly; and entred in this manner:

First entred two *Moors* in white Sattin, with Torches or Flambeaux's; and after them as many Eunuchs in Cloth of Gold, playing on Wind-musick; then appeared the Illustrious *Parismus*, in a most beautiful Disguise, dancing a Sarabrand; next after him followed *Orislus*, and after him
the

the Lord *Remus*, with two other Knights of the *Bohemian* Court, all most richly apparelled, and performing their several Parts to Admiration. But so infinitely surpassing was *Parisms*, as well in the Shape of his Body, as the Excellency of his Motion, that he attracted the Eyes of all the Spectators, especially her's whom he most regarded, the matchless *Laurana's*: To whom, in a submissive manner, he addressed himself, and took her out to dance: Lord *Remus* took out the Lady *Isabella*: *Oristus* another *Spartan* Lady, &c. so that all together dancing a Figure-dance, the Resting-times and Intervals *Parisms* employed in making himself known to the Lady of his Affections. The Masque ending with the Applause of every judicious and impartial Eye, *Dionysius* address'd himself to the Masquers, returning them hearty Thanks for the Diversion they had given them; and desiring them to accept of a small Banquet his Daughter had prepared for them upon her Birth-day. This *Parisms* accepted of with his humble Thanks, not so much for the sake of her Banquet, as for her's that prepar'd it. And therefore, to keep the King no longer in Suspence, he pull'd off his Vizard, and discover'd himself to be the *Bohemian* Prince: *Parisms*, said the King, smiling, *I am glad you are so recover'd of your Illness: But*

now

now I see the Cause of your Distemper and cease to wonder at your sudden Sicknes and Departure from Dinner. Which *Parismus* again excusing, and saluting the whole Company, they all applauded his Princely Behaviour, and Courteous Ingenuity, except the malicious *Sicanus*, who immediately quitted the Room without any apparent Shew of Dislike and Discontent.

The Rest of the Company withdrawing into the Banquetting-house, at the Request of *Oliva*, where they were again most magnificently treated with such Delicates as the Ingenuity of *Laurana* could invent; with which, though *Parismus* was highly pleased, he could not forbear looking very frequently upon *Laurana*; by which means, tho' he satisfied his own Curiosity, he robbed the poor Princess of many Opportunities of viewing her *Parismus*: Nevertheless, she had sometimes the Luck to steal a Glance, as she thought undiscerned by any, though at the same time the whole Company observed it, which caused many Nobles, especially the Friends of *Sicanus*, to envy the private Kindness *Laurana* seem'd to have for the Prince of *Bohemia*: Of which, when they were departed, every one began to make their several Constructions. Thus were *Parismus* and *Laurana* mutually enamour'd each of other, as it were at first Interview, and when they got

got to their several Apartments, both separately conspired to bring about the same End, viz. The farther Enjoyment of each others good Company; the Care of which *Laurana* committed to *Leda*, the Cabinet of her Secrets; and *Parismus* to his trusty Friend *Oristus*, with whom he consulted about the same Matter.

Sicanus in the mean time fretting within himself to see the Princess *Laurana* shew more Favour to the Prince of *Bohemia*, than the Heir of *Persia*, openly declared to *Dionysius*; ' That the Cause of his coming
' was to demand the Princess in Marriage; the King of *Hungary*, and Prince of
' *Sparta*, being come as Ambassadors upon
' the same Account. To whom *Dionysius*
' made Answer, ' That for his part he should
' be very glad to have his Daughter married to so Hopeful a Prince, and himself
' ally'd to so Mighty an Emperor; promising withal, to propose the same to
' *Laurana* .., who, he doubted not, would
' readily enough consent to so Honourable
' a Marriage. The Princess all this while little imagining what Mischief was plotting against her, spent the Night in contriving which way she might again enjoy the sweet Society of her beloved *Parismus*; who had no less Disquiet, in casting about how to come into the Company of his *Laurana*: But early in the Morning getting
out

out of his Bed, and attiring himself in a careless, but comely Dress, he repaired again to the old Tarras-walk, as the only Expedient he could think of to that purpose: He had not taken many Turns, but *Laurana* had spied him through the Glass, and dispatching her Maid *Leda* upon some Heeveless Errand into the Garden, she concluded *Parisismus* would have something to say to her, which might be to her Satisfaction. And accordingly it fell out, for as *Leda* was gathering a Nosegay of the prettiest and choicest Flowers, *Parisismus* saluted her with a courteous Good-morrow, and demanded how fared her Lady the Princess: Who, returning Thanks for his kind Enquiry, satisfied him, that she was in good Health. *I pray you Dam'sel*, said he, *present her with this Paper, and the Service of one of her most humble Adorers, Parisismus; if it may not be thought a great Presumption in me, nor be esteem'd too great a Trouble to your self.*

I am confident, replied *Leda*, *no Message from your Highness will ever be look'd upon as a Presumption by the Princess Laurana, or seem a Trouble to your humble, tho' unworthy Servant.* Whereupon, sliding into her Hand a Present of no small Value, he dismissed her, and again he betook himself to his Walk in expectation of the Event. *Laurana* having observ'd *Parisismus* to give *Leda*

da a Paper, imagined it was for herself, and being impatient to see the Contents, met her at the Stair-foot, and, suddenly breaking it open, she read these Words;

Most Royal Madam,

IF the Contents of this Paper be a Presumption, it is the Excess of my Love that has occasioned it, so that my Fault must be my Excuse; but if Love be a Fault, how great a Criminal is Parismus? Pardon me, Madam, that I dare be so confident once more to beg the Favour of Kissing your Royal Hand, at such a Time and Place as your Highness shall think most convenient; for, since the unhappy Minute of your Departure, I have enjoyed the least Thought to my Satisfaction, but the Remembrance of having once seen you, and the Resolution of ever being,

Madam, Yours at Command,

PARISMUS.

Laurana, glad of so fair an Opportunity, at the same Time, to oblige a Man that loved her, and enjoy the Company of him she loved, thought no Time like the present to give him an Answer; and observing him to walk under her Window, in seeming Expectation thereof, sent him this short Reply:

Most

Most Noble Prince,

I Look upon your Love to be like your self, Honourable; and if so, neither is it in it self a Fault, nor to tender it Presumption: My Maid will tell you at what Time and Place you may expect to meet me; which is an Argument of the Confidence reposed in you, by

LAURANA.

Joyful at the Receipt of this welcome and unexpected Answer, *Parisinus* thought himself amply recompenc'd for the Misfortune he conceiv'd to himself in not having bless'd his Eyes with the sight of the Angelical *Laurana*; and having humbly return'd his Service by *Leda*, he hasten'd to his Friend *Oristus*, as well to acquaint him of the Happiness that had befallen him, as to avoid the Censure of suspicious Eyes, who might otherwise guess at his Design in walking under *Laurana's* Window; for, by this time, Every body was stirring about the House; and *Dionysius* had sent for his Daughter, in order to the foremention'd Match of *Sicanus*: *Laurana* coming with all Submission to know the Pleasure of her King and Father, was soon welcomed, with the unwelcome News of *Sicanus's* Love, which *Dionysius's* propos'd with all the seeming Advantages that could be imagin'd, but in so mild a manner that he seem'd not to use the Authority of a King,

King, but the Indulgence of a Father; in-
somuch, that though the thing propos'd
was most unwelcome to her Ears, she re-
ceiv'd the same with as obedient a Sweet-
ness, as if she had been ready to grant her
Consent: Whereupon *Dionysius*, leaving
Laurana to consider of it, went in Person
to *Sicanus*, and gave him all imaginable
Encouragement; making that Day a gene-
ral Entertainment on purpose that *Sicanus*
might find an Opportunity of expressing
his Love to *Laurana*.

Dinner being ready, it so fortun'd, that
Parismus was seated just opposite to the
Princess, and *Sicanus* a pretty way below
her on the same side, so that while the one
had the Opportunity of viewing her Per-
fections in their most resplendent Lustre,
the other had only now and then a Side-
view of her Face; and while *Parismus* en-
tertain'd her with pleasing (but common)
Discourse, *Sicanus* was so imprudent to
imagine he had been making Love. Thus
did his Gall boyl within him for the Ma-
lice he bore to *Parismus*, against whom he
vow'd perpetual Enmity from that very
Hour. Nevertheless, after Dinner, by the
King's means, he found an Opportunity of
discourfing *Laurana*, and manifested his
Passion after the best manner he could;
but so short it came of that Vigour and
Sincerity she discerned in the Love of *Pa-
rismus*,

*ris*mus, that, in spite of her courteous and obliging Nature, she was forced to receive it with a civil indifference, and to quit his Company in a manner little better than scornful.

C H A P. III.

How Sicanus perceived the Love Laurana bare to Parismus; and how he plotted to seize her, and carry her away by Force; and in what manner she was rescued by the Valiant Prince of Bohemia; with other Matters.



Sicanus, the most Malicious and Cruel of all Men, having got secret Intelligence, by the Means of a Waiting-woman belonging to the Princess of Laurana, whose Fidelity he had corrupted with large Sums

of Gold, how she despised him, and loved *Parismus*; whose Virtues he found was much superiour to his, as the Graces of his Person gave that Prince singular Advantages over him, resolved upon a Stratagem, how to take her away by Force, and basely murder, without Respect, all that stood in Opposition.

Armed with this Resolution, in order to put this his wicked *Purpose* in Execution, he procures *Lambespin*, his Favourite, who came with him out of *Persia*, with Money and Jewels to hire *Persians*, and other Strangers in Disguise, to lay wait in a Forest when the King, Queen, Princess, and small Train of Attendance went from the City to a Castle they had five Leagues from it to recreate themselves, as they usually did in the Summer, it being one of the most pleasantest Palaces in the Country. This wicked Man obeyed his Master's Orders, took an Oath of Secrecy of those he hired, nor in any Extremity to discover who employed them, prepared a Chariot to carry the Princess off, and upon Notice in the Morning that the Court was to remove, laid his Ambuscade advantageously; and in the midst of the Forest, where there was a void Space, burst out, charging the Guards with great Fury, so that many of them were laid dead on the Ground, though in the Defence of their King, they fought valiantly,

valiantly, and wounded the most resolute of their Enemies: The King in Person there did Wonders, and, by his Example, encouraged his Men to maintain the Fight against great Odds: But all had been to no purpose, they having already seized the Princess; whom, with piteous Cries, they were dragging to their Chariot, standing at a Distance from the Fight, if Providence had not sent *Parisinus* fortunately to their Aid: He intended yet to follow the Court till the next Morning, as having weighty Affairs to transact; but something, upon the Departure of his Princess, so troubled his Mind with unusual Disquiet, that he seem'd compelled to do it; yielding to this Impulse, arming and mounting his Horse, attended with one Servant, he took the same Road, and at the Edge of the Forest, to his great Amazement, he saw a Man all bloody, galloping towards him, who within twenty Paces of him fell from his Horse,

Whereupon the generous Prince immediately rid up to give him some Assistance in that his Extremity; but scarce had he spoken to him, but the Wounded, casting up his Eyes, with a faint Voice, cried, *Ab! Sir, lose no Time here about me, for I am but a dead Man: But if you are brave and noble minded, make haste to succour the King, who is yonder like to be murder'd.* The

Prince had no sooner heard these Words, but, leaving the Man to the Care of his Servant, he rid full speed, animated by a Courage inexpressible, and soon, by the piteous Cries that invaded his Ears, was directed to the place where the King and his Followers, who surrounded him, made some faint Resistance: He had no sooner cast his Eyes on the Combatants, when knowing the Party he ought to succour, he fell in amongst the Enemies with such Fury, as can be compar'd to nothing less than Thunder, violently breaking through the thick opposing Clouds; there was not one Blow he gave but proved mortal, and he soon made them pay their Lives for their Treachery; so that those before vanquished, gathering Courage from his Heroick Example, but a very few of them escaped dying at his Feet. Having now a little time to take Breath, the King looking about, and missing the fair Princess, whom, by this time they had dragged out of Sight, with up-lifted Hands, and a beseeching Aspect, cryed out, *O most valiant Man, you have done nothing yet for the Repose of my Life unless you reserve Laurana from the Hands of the Ravishers.* He needed to say no more, for the Prince being shewed the Way they had carried her, inspired with Love, and Desire of Revenge, flew after them like Lightning, and by the Cries of the

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the Princess, soon came to the Place; where, amongst a Tuft of Trees, six Men were forcing her into the Chariot: The first Blow he gave, struck off the Arms of him who had stretched them out to receive her; and all over Bloody, died in the Slaughter of his Enemies, he brought such Terror on the rest, that the Sight of him froze their Courage, and made them as it were incapable of Resistance, so he soon laid four of them dead at his Feet, the other two seeing it, unbanded the Princess, and fled for their Lives into the thickest of the Forest.

The Princess, at the Sight of the dreadful Combat, and the Fright the Russians had put her into, was by this time fallen into a Swoon, which much troubled our Prince after his Victory: But the King, Queen, and others, hastening thither, such Means were used, that she soon recovered; and no sooner opened her Eyes, but seeing who was her Deliverer, she inwardly rejoiced, though, through Modesty, a lovely Blush spread her beautiful Face. The King embraced him with much Tenderness, and the Queen paid him Infinite Thanks, acknowledging their being indebted to him for their Lives and Honour; they laid their Commands on *Laurana* to make the like Acknowledgement, which she did so modestly, that her Passion, which,

in a more retir'd Place would have broke out into more obliging Terms, was not discovered.

Upon this fatal Accident, they concluded to return to the City, as the best Retreat; where *Parismus* was received with Triumph, the King commanding he should be honoured next himself, for the good Service he had done him, which he avowed every-where; but this raised more the Envy or the now frustrated, implacable, and revengeful *Sicanus*, making him again resolve upon the speedy Destruction of the valiant *Parismus*, as will more fully appear in the following Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

How Sicanus hired three Tartarians to murder Parismus, who, treacherously setting upon him in a Wood, left him for dead, buried in Leaves and Moss; the Grief for his Loss, with the Discovery of the Treason; Sicanus's Flight: Dionysius, as a Pilgrim, travels to Bohemia; and, at last, declares himself to Parismus's Father.

P*arismus*, little imagining what had past, began with some Impatience, to expect the happy Hour of the Princess's Appointment; which being come, and these two Lovers met accordingly, we will leave them in the Arbour, in mutual (but honourable)

nourable) Embraces, and speak a little of the Malice and Treason of *Sicanus*, who, the same Evening, calling to him three *Tartarians* of his Vassalage, after a great Injunction of Secrecy, and promise of Reward, engaged them to Murder *Parismus*, at a Time they should find most convenient, which he doubted not to bring to pass in few Days. All things being agreed upon, *Sicanus* betook himself to Rest; and poor *Parismus*, having by this time taken his unwelcome Leave of *Paurana*, repair'd likewise to his Chamber; where, having taken Rest proportionable to the Comfort he had received from the Princess, he was ready, with the Earliest, next Morning, to go a Hawking, it being a Match of *Sicanus's* making, on purpose to draw him into the Field: But the Morning proving somewhat hazy, and unfit for that kind of Exercise, most of the Company would have put off the Match till another Day; but so importunate was *Sicanus*, that in Compliance to his Humour, they must go, tho' many of them, (especially *Parismus*) much against their Wills: They had but a little Pastime all the Morning, till at last springing an Eye of Pheasants in a large Champaign, they flew a Cast of Goshawks, one of which immediately took a young Pullet at the Pounce, the other undertaking the old Hen, flew with her into a large Wood,

at a great distance, under the Wind; this none observed but *Parisms*, who rode upon speed, and was followed by the *Tartarians*, who, taking that Opportunity, unarm'd as he was, and dismounted in the thickest of the Wood, fell upon him, and



gave him many Wounds, one of which, in Human Reason, had been enough to have destroyed the stoutest Heart breathing; at last, concluding him fully dead, they buried him with Leaves and Moss, and return'd unsuspected to the Company.

Their Sport being now past the best, and even then not good, the King began to invite them homewards; and missing *Parisms*, wond'ring where he might be, but all concluding he might be driven to the Court by Stress of Weather, for the pre-

present they made no further Search : Nevertheless, *Oristus's* Heart misgave him, lest some Mischance might have befallen him, so that coming to the Palace, and not hearing the least News of him, he would not stay to dine; but, with the rest of the *Bohemian* Knights, immediately posted every Way in Quest of their Lord and Master; insomuch that the whole City of *Thebes* rung of the Absence of *Paris mus* : Night came, and *Oristus*, with the other Knight, return'd, but no News of *Paris mus*; whereupon, after three Days Search, finding his Horse loose upon the Plains of *Pharsalia*, they all gave him over for lost. How dreadfully this News sounded in the Ears of the tender-hearted Princess, let any Reader judge who hath but heard of the Virtues of *Laurana* and the Merits of *Paris mus* : Ah! Leda, said she, never to love but once, and to be thus cross'd, and that so soon, unhappy *Laurana*. More she said to the same Purpose, that is, to none at all; for *Paris mus* was neither to be recall'd by the Complaints of his *Laurana*, nor the Endeavours of *Oristus*, so that instead of Mirth and Jollity, nothing but Grief and Melancholly now fill'd the *Thessalian* Court.

Sicanus, the bloody Author of all this Villany, dissembled as much Grief for the Loss of *Paris mus* and of the rest, and

having rewarded the barbarous *Tartarians* with a thousand Crowns, he began to think himself as secure from Discovery, as he was free from Suspicion; but so it happened, that the Villains, disagreeing about dividing the Money, one of them struck the other so mortal a Stroke, that in a short time he died thereof: but upon his Death-bed, confessed to *Oristus* the Manner of *Parismus's* End; as also, that himself, with two others, were hired by *Sicanus* to that purpose. *Oristus* repair'd immediately to *Sicanus*; and in the Presence of the King, taxed him with his Treachery; to which having little to say, he immediately drew a Dagger, and had like to have slain his just Accuser: Whereupon their grew a Tumult betwixt the *Persian* and *Bohemian* Knights, with *Dionysius* himself had much ado to appease. At last, *Sicanus*, betwixt Fear and Shame, having lost three of his Followers in the Skirmish, quitted the Court, and fled into his own Country, resolving to return with Power, and demand the Lady, he had not Rhetorick enough to persuade.

Whereupon *Dionysius*, putting all things together, and considering how slender an Account he should be able to give the King of *Bohemia*, for the Murder of *Parismus*, in suffering the Author thereof to escape out of his Court; took upon him the Habit of

a Pilgrim, and fled disguised into *Bohemia*, to find in what manner the King resented the Death of his Son. Hence began new Troubles in the Court of *Thebes*; for missing the King at Dinner, *Oliva* sent Messengers every way to seek him; who many times met him, but could never find him, for they enquired for him even of himself. *Dionysius*, after some Days, arriving in *Bohemia*, took a poor Lodging near the Court, whither he daily resorted and heard sad Complaints for the Loss of *Parisinus*, but still with respect to the Court of *Thebes*, and the Hospitality of *Dionysius*. But after some Days, being mistrusted by his Landlord, for some greater Person than he appeared, he thought fit to acquaint the Secretary of State therewith, who imagining he might be some Spy, caused him to be brought before the King his Master. Whereupon, desiring Audience in private, he was forced to unbosom himself to his Majesty, declaring his great Sorrow, for the Death of *Parisinus*, and desiring his Majesty's gracious Assistance in revenging so horrid a Murder upon *Sicanus*, the Author thereof.

The King of *Bohemia*, having recovered himself out of the Surprize he was in at the first, embraces his *Thessalian* Majesty, and solemnly promised him his utmost Aid and Assistance against the *Persians*; whereup-

30 *Ch. Famous History of*
on he was prevailed with to stay in Bo-
hemia certain Days.

C H A P. V.

*Sicanus invades Theffaly : The Kings of Bo-
hemia and Hungary come to relieve it. The
wonderful Exploits of the Black Knight.
The Fortune of the War referr'd to a
Combat ; which, the Black Knight, under-
takes, &c.*



S*icanus* being returned into *Persia*, com-
plain'd of divers Injuries and Affronts
offered him in the Court of *Dionysius*,
whence he hardly escaped with the Loss of
three of his Attendants ; whereupon he
desired the King his Father to levy Forces,
and to go against *Dionysius*, to revenge the
Wrong he had done him. The King, giv-
ing Credit to *Sicanus*, and jealous of the
Honour of *Persia*, called to him the Aid
of divers Tributary Monarchs, and raised a
mighty

mighty Army, consisting of near two hundred thousand Men, which he soon shipp'd in a vast Navy, and landed upon the Confines of *Thessaly*.

News thereof being speedily brought to the Queen by a poor Fisher-man that was abroad at Sea; she was in sad Distress, and committed the Care of her Kingdom, during the Absence of *Dionysius*, to the Lord *Rhemus*; who, with the Train-bands, and Country-Troops, made what haste he could to resist them; and so ordered the matter, that, ere they could land so vast an Army he had slain near Twenty thousand of them. This Success encouraged him to hope for a greater Victory; yet nevertheless, he durst not give them Battle, but made an honourable Retreat towards the City, while the *Persians* encamp'd in the Plains of *Pharsalia*; the next Day they approach'd and begirt the City of *Thebes* on every side, laying close Siege thereto, and resolved, either by Famine or Storm, to force them to surrender.

Oliua, *Laurana*, and all the Rest, with swoln Eyes and heavy Hearts, beholding the Murderer of *Parismus*, and the Author of *Dionysius's* Absence, as it were in Triumph before the Walls, were uttering sad Complaints of their most miserable Estate; when, behold a Knight in Black Armour (who therefore they termed the Black Knight)

Knight) came out in full Carier, and waving his Sword thrice over his Head, dared the whole Army of *Persia* to single Combat; wherein he was successful ev'n to Admiration: For after a gallant Overthrow of two *Persians*, Horses and all, he was the third time encountered by one *Bruster*, a huge proportioned Man, and the Champion of *Persia*, who met the Black Knight, with such Violence, that they shivered their Lances, and forced him to quit one of his Stirrups, while *Bruster* himself was beaten back upon his Horse's Crupper: No sooner had they recover'd their Seats, but both drew their Swords, and began a very fierce Combat; which after a sharp Dispute, ended in Conquest on the Black Knight's side; for *Bruster*, having lost the Use of his Sword-arm, turned Tail, and fled towards the Camp; which so amazed *Sicanus*, and all the *Persians*, that they esteemed the Black Knight to be rather a Devil than a Man, seeing that after three such dangerous Combats, he stood unmovable, brandishing his Sword, and bidding Defiance to *Persia*.

On the other side, the Queen and Princess seeing what Wonders he had done in their Behalf, not knowing of whence he was, sent a Page to invite him into the City; but he returning his Duty and Service, especially to the Princess, courteously

ously refused their Invitations, for Reasons he might possibly live to declare by Word of Mouth. This Message being return'd, their Wonder increas'd who this Black Knight should be; but Guessing, could no way add to their Satisfaction, since none could resolve them, tho' they should happen to guess the Right.

The next Day there was News of the Arrival of the King of *Bohemia*, King of *Hungary*, and Prince of *Sparta*; who, being severally incens'd with the Baseness of *Sicanus's* Treachery, came with fresh Supplies to the Succour of *Thebes*; whereupon, both the *Persians* and the *Thessalians*, foreseeing great Slaughter like to ensue, they drew up their several Armies in Battalia, and came to a Parley, the Event of which was, to decide the Controversie by Combat of three Knights of either Side; upon Condition, that if the *Persian* Knights overcome, then was *Dionysius* to deliver up his fair Daughter in Marriage to *Sicanus*, and himself become Tributary to the *Persian* Monarchy; but if the *Thessalian* Knights got the better, then were the *Persians* immediately to quit the Siege, and *Sicanus*, upon his Honour, to declare what he knew concerning the Death of *Parismus*. These Articles drawn up and agreed to on both Sides, there were twenty Days allowed for preparing every thing in Readiness.

diness against the Day of Combat, and in the Mean time a Truce made, that no Acts of Hostility might be offered, but such as were voluntary.

During this Interval, several Feats of Arms were performed daily at Tilts and Turnaments, between the two Armies, which afforded Pastime to the Ladies of the Court, who took great Delight in beholding the Activity and Success of the Black Knight: But, at last, it so happened, that one *Pollipus*, of the *Persian* Army, riding up to the Black Knight, and couching his Launce, gave him fair Warning to receive him; which, contrary to Every-body's Expectation, he refused to do, but turned his Horse Head short about; *Pollipus* wondring at his Refusal, resolved to know the Cause; but, because he would not be seen to commune with an Enemy in private, he watched his Opportunity till the Evening, at which time, seeing him riding out of the Field, he made up to him, and desired to know the Reason he refused him the same Pastime he had vouchsafed other Knights? *Because* (said he) *you wear the Armour of Pollipus of Phrygia, my trusty Friend. That Pollipus*, said he, *am I, who beg to know, how I come to deserve so honourable a Title? And who you are that vouchsafe it me? For that*, said the Black Knight, *it may be time enough anon; in the*

mean time, if thou please to partake with me in my poor Quarters, perhaps I may communicate to you something worth your Knowledge, tho' I can entertain you with nothing worth your Acceptance. Of which Invitation Polipus willingly accepted, partly to be satisfied who it might be, but chiefly for the Honour he bore him, and the delight he took in his Company.

In the mean time the *Theban* Court rung with Joy for the Return of *Dionysius*, who by this time was entred with the Kings of *Bohemia*, *Hungary*, and Prince of *Sparta*, whom he there entertain'd most splendidly, consulting with them about erecting Scaffolds, and making other Preparations against the Day of Combat. And while they were proposing Lord *Rhemus*, *Oristus*, and others for the Combatants, a comely Virgin, named *Dina*, arrived at the Court, richly attired like a Forest Nymph, and bearing in her right Hand an Escutcheon, whereon was the lively Portraiture of a dying Knight, wounded by Slaves, and buried in a Wood. Being admitted into the Presence, she humbly did her Obeysance, and said she had a Message to deliver to the Princess: *Laurana* being readily call'd, she was presented with the Escutcheon, upon which were very curiously engraven these Verses :

Since

*Since Victory on Virtue still attends,
Doubt not, fair Princess of successful Friends,
To a strange Knight, Revenge of Right belongs,
As well for yours, as your Parismus's Wrongs,
Sent by the God of Love to end the Strife,
And raise the dead Parismus unto Life.*

Having again and again perus'd these mystical Lines, she knew not what Construction to put upon them, or what Answer readily to return: but seeing so generous and noble an Offer, she could, in Civility, do no less than accept him for her Champion, tho' he promised such Impossibilities. Therefore desiring the fair Messenger to return the Knight unknown, her humble Thanks for the Tender of his Service, she dismiss her with a rich Scarf, to be presented to the Knight, and a costly Jewel for herself. *Dina* being gone, left the Court full of Joy for the News she brought, and of Wonder, who this Knight should be, that had so nobly undertaken the Princess's Quarrel. However, in Honour, they scorned to watch whither she went, but resolved, with Patience, to expect the Issue.

C H A P. VI.

*The dreadful Combat between the six Knights;
with the Preservation and Discovery of Pa-
rismus.*



THE Time appointed being come, and as well the *Persian* as *Thessalian* Nobles, being seated upon several Scaffolds, in equal Expectation of Success; the Knights of *Persia* entred the Lifts, the first of whom was the valiant *Zoilus*, attired all in Red, and mounted upon a Sorrel Steed; then the two valiant Brethren of *Bruster*, *Brando* and *Ramon*, came galloping in, in so triumphant a manner, as if they had already been Victorious: Several times they rode about the Lifts, and wond'ered to see no Enemy at hand; whereupon the *Persians*, began to give a mighty Shout, which
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So dismayed the *Theſſalians*, they knew not what to ſay, but began to think the Meſſage brought by *Dina*, to have been a Trick put upon them by the Enemy. At laſt, after near an Hour's Expectation, they beheld three Knights in ſilver'd Armour coming towards them upon a Hand-gallop, who ſoon entered the Liſts, and declared for the *Theſſalians*. Their Apparel and Plumes were all white, their Staves, Capariſons and Furniture all alike, without the leaſt Diſtinction, ſave that one of them had on the Scarf *Laurana* ſent him, and was therefore call'd the Princeſs's Champion.

Dionyſius, on the one hand, deſcending from his Chair of State, gave them Thanks for their Readineſs to engage in his Quarrel, and promiſed great Rewards, if it ſo pleaſed the Gods to grant them Victory. The Knight with the Scarf, on the other hand, declaring the great Delight he took in ſo honourable a Cauſe, vowed, That could he be ſo fortunate to ſerve the Princeſs *Laurana*, the honour gained thereby would be a greater Reward than the Crown of *Theſſaly*; theſe Ceremonies being ended, and his Maſteſty again ſeated, the Trumpets ſounded a Charge, and the Combat began. The Knight with the Scarf encountred *Zoilus*, *Pollipus*, *Bander*; and the Out-law, *Ramon*; amongſt whom was ſhown as much Courage and Agility as could

could be expected, their Spears being all
thiver'd at the first Onset, they presently
drew, and dealt about such fierce and fa-
tal Blows, that in short time the Outlaw
fell dead from his Horse, whereat the *Per-
sians* began a great Shout, which they had
no sooner ended, but *Ramon*, coming to
the Assistance of *Zoilus*, had the Misfortune
to be run clear through the Throat, and
died immediately; but *Pollipus* and *Brandor*
fought a long time upon equal Terms: but
the Knight with the Scarf had much the
Advantage of *Zoilus*, who summoning all
his Strength, at last smote him with such
Fury, that he fell from his Horse; where-
upon the Assembly gave so great a Shout,
that the Earth seem'd to quake, for there
being two of the *Thessalians* left to one of
the *Persians*, the Victory was adjudged to
the *Thessalians*.

Hereupon the King of *Persia*, according
to Agreement, commanded his Army im-
mediately to withdraw; and *Sicanus*, upon
his Honour, to declare the Truth of *Pa-
risismus*, according to the best of his Know-
ledge: Who thereupon reply'd, *By all the
Reverence I owe to my Lord and Father, with
the rest of this honourable Assembly, I denounce
him for a Villain and a Traytor, that does accuse
me for the Murder of Parismus; for by all the
Powers of Heaven, I know nothing thereof, nor
have been any way necessary thereto. In like*
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Reverence to this honourable Assembly, said the Knight in the Scarf, I return that Villain and Trayter upon thy self, for that thou didst hire three Tartarians to murder him, who, as he was a Hawking set upon him in a Wood, and in a barbarous manner run him in several places thro' the Body, of which, I my self am Witness, who found him in that deplorable Condition; all which I stand ready to justify; and therefore as thou art a Knight, and honourest Arms, shew thy Innocence by thy Courage. Sicanus enraged hereat, seemingly accepted of the Challenge, and withdrew to prepare himself: In the mean time the Thessalian Nobles, especially the Princess Laurana, considering the Wounds he had received, entreated him not to engage in a second Combat. To whom he reply'd, Madam, if it be your Highness's Pleasure that the Wrongs of Parisinus shall go unrevenged, I must humbly submit; but I know, Madam, you are more generous, and therefore must beg your Pardon. Whereupon, giving him, as it were, Consent against her Will, Sicanus (as was supposed) entred the Lists, whom the wounded Knight at the first On-set unhors'd, having broken two of his Ribs, and the Company unlacing his Helmet to give him Breath, found that it was not really Sicanus, but a Person he had hired in his stead; which was so ill resented by the whole Assembly, that they all concluded him Guilty, and

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the King of *Persia* disowned him for his Son, so that betwixt Grief and Shame in a short time after he died.

But the Victors, being carried in great Triumph through the City, and presented with many rich Gifts, at last arrived at the Court; where being receiv'd with all imaginable Honour and Acclamations, they were set down in Chairs of State, the chiefest of the King's Physicians being sent for to dress their Wounds. Coming to take off the Knight in the Scarf's Armour, it was found to be cas'd over Artificially with Silver, and under it black Armour, so that then he was discovered to be the Black Knight, whom they thought to have been dead of his Wounds in the Combat with *Bruster*. Whereupon *Dionysius* embracing him afresh, left the Uncasing of him to the King of *Bohemia*, as the greatest Honour; which the Black Knight would by no Means suffer, but humbly kneeling, desired his Majesty to grant him one Favour, which being consented to, he intreated his gracious Pardon for the Murderers of *Parisinus*. But being ask'd, why he should make so unreasonable a Demand; *Because*, said he, *Parisinus is yet in good Health*. Upon which Words he immediately discover'd himself, to the Joy and Wonder of all there present. And then he at large related the Story of his miraculous Preservation by certain Out-laws,

laws, who accidentally finding his wounded Body in the Wood, they carefully convey'd him to their Cave, and chose him (after his Recovery) for their General.

This Story seem'd at first so incredible, that they hardly durst give Credit to their Eyes, but every Circumstance being fully related and consider'd, they were all as it were swallow'd up with Wonder for a time; but at last, Joy prevailed, and the King would have sent to *Laurana* once more to have welcomed the same Person, though under a different Character; but *Parismus*, the more to surprize the Princess, desired he might be the Messenger himself; to which the King easily consented, and he was conducted to her Apartment; accordingly *Parismus*, with the Lord *Remus*, coming to the Princess's Lodgings, found the Door fast, and imagining she might be private, stood still a while, for fear of giving her a Disturbance: but after a very short Pause, they heard her Tune up her Lute, beginning in a solemn Air, and most angelical Voice, the following Song:

(vain,

Kind Knight, I know thy Promise was in
 To bring *Parismus* back to Life again:
 And yet how much is to thy Courage due
 Who nobly didst his Murderers subdue!
 For 'tis a part of Happiness to be,
 Deliver'd from Misfortunes we foresee.

All

*All but my Heart I give as a Reward:
No Knight so mean a Present would regard;
It bleeds, it pants, so shatter'd is and torn,
It merits no Acceptance now, but Scorn;
Yet poor Parisinus shall this Present have,
Which I shall shortly carry to my Grave.*

So passionate were her Words, and so divine her Voice, that *Parismus* could contain himself no longer, but roundly knock'd at the Door, which *Leda* having opened, he entred with the Lord *Remus*; *Leda* shriek'd, and the Princess fell in a Trance, absolutely imagining she had seen the Ghost of *Parismus*. But, after a long time, Lord *Remus* had much ado to bring her to her self, and to persuade her to the Truth of what she saw. Twenty-times she examin'd her Senses, to know if she were awake; and at last being fully convinced by a touch of his warm Lips, that he was really and indeed the living *Parismus*, 'tis impossible to say which was greatest, her Joy, or her Wonder. So that after an Hour's Contemplation of each other's Happiness, the Princess, in pity to his Wounds, conducted him into his Presence-chamber, and there openly declar'd her Affection to him, desiring the Care of him might be committed to her Charge, till he was perfectly recovered. This she did in so gallant and generous a manner, that none could tax

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her with the least Immodesty for so doing. Infomuch that *Dionysius* readily granted her Request, and promised to consummate her Happiness in Nuptial-bonds, as soon as the Prince should be recover'd of his Wounds, which was not long after.

C H A P. VII.

Of the Marriage of Parismus and Laurana; how going towards Bohemia, he is left with Pollipus and Violetta in the Desolate Island; she is carried by the Tyrant Andramart to the Island of Rocks, where she is delivered of Parismenos. The Enchantment of the Desolate Island dissolv'd, &c.



AND now the Marriage of these two illustrious Persons being solemniz'd with a Magnificence becoming the Bounty of
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Dionysius, and the Merit of that Royal Pair, they spent some Days in the Court of *Thebes*, with unexpressible Satisfaction, esteeming each others Happiness beyond the reach, even of the most Adverse Fortune. But, alas, the best of Men, and greatest of Princes, are equally (and perhaps more subject) to the Frowns of adverse Fate, than the meanest Peasant : For by this Time the King of *Bohemia's* Affairs requiring his Return into his own Country, it was requisite that *Parismus*, and his Princess should attend him ; whereupon great Preparation and Sorrow being made for their Departure, at the Time prefix'd, they took a sad and solemn Leave of the Court of *Thebes*, *Dionysius*, with all his Nobles attended them to the Frontiers of his Dominions, and returned with Grief for the Loss of such Royal Company.

But it must not be forgotten, that *Pollipus*, who resolved to accompany *Parismus* into *Bohemia*, during his Residence in *Thebes*, chanced to be enamour'd of a Merchant's only Daughter, named *Violetta* ; but she, out of a private Kindness she bore to the Prince, notwithstanding his Marriage, and the Impossibility of enjoying him, resolved to seek her Fortune with him in *Bohemia* ; to which end, attiring her self in the Habit of a Page, she came to Court, and soon got Admittance into the Princess's Service, so that in a short Time they got to the Port, and

soon sail for *Bohemia*, but the Vessels being small Yatches or Pleasure-boats, and their Attendance numerous, it was thought fit that *Parismus*, *Laurana*, *Pollipus*, *Leda*, and *Violetta* (now called *Adonius*) should go in one Yatch, and the King of *Bohemia*, with his Attendants, in another: long they had not sailed, but so fierce a Tempest arose, that the Ships soon lost one another, and the Prince's Marriners being strongly driven to the Leward, and in Danger of Stranding, cut their Shrouds, and took off their Mast by the Board; but the King's Ship, whether from the Skill of the Seamen, or Ability of the Vessel, stood away to the Windward, and tho' with some Difficulty, made the Coast of *Bohemia*. *Parismus* and *Laurana* being a Comfort to each other in their Distress, began to think all Danger blown over with the Tempest, but were soon deceiv'd by the approach of certain Pyrates, who soon barded them under the Assurance of Conquest, but by the irresistible Power of *Parismus*, *Pollipus*, and the rest, they met with so sharp a Repulse, that they were soon brought in Subjection, many of them being slain, and the rest clapt under the Hatches; wherefore by Advice of the Seamen, it was decreed to take out such Goods as were of Value, and with them to go aboard the Pyrates Ship; this being done with equal Courage and

Success, *Parismus* order'd some of his Men to go ashore, and take in a little fresh Water, for fear of the worst; which accordingly they did, himself, *Pollipus* and *Adonius* accompanying them, a little to refresh themselves upon the pleasant Shore. No sooner had the Pyrates Notice of this Advantage, but presently they broke up their Hatches, surprizing and securing the Seamen *Parismus* had left aboard, and sinking the Prince's Yatch to prevent Pursuit, set sail for the *Island of Rocks*, to which they belong'd; *Parismus* with the rest ashore, seeing the Disaster, would have done any thing to stop them in their Flight; but, being sensible that doing Violence to himself, was not a means of offering any to them, with great Wisdom (I cannot say much Patience) he attended the Vessel with his Eyes, while she was with ken; and afterwards with Prayers for the Safety of *Laurana*, who, poor Lady, was all this while insensible of her Misfortune; and only wonder'd at the tedious Absence of her Lord: *Parismus*, *Pollipus* and *Adonius*, in this Distress, knew not what Course to take, and therefore resolv'd to stay ashore and hale the next Vessel, while the Mariners espying a Smoak, made the Way in hopes of Succour: But the Prince having spent the remaining part of the Day in a thousand Complaints of his own Inadvertency,

tency, blaming Fortune for Faults himself was guilty of, and himself for such as it was too late to repent of; at last, in the mean Attire, came up, and courteously saluted him with his Associates, and began as follows: *Gentlemen, I perceive you are Strangers, brought here by stress of Weather, otherwise you would never have landed upon so dangerous a Coast.*

Truly Father, said Parismus, *you guess aright: But wherein, I pray, lies the Danger of the Coast?*

Gentlemen, said he, *If you will vouchsafe to accept a poor Lodging in a Hermit's Cell, I will acquaint you with the Story more at large, where, in mean Safety, you may pass away the Night, which else on this Shore may be hazardous. To this they thankfully consented, and departed with the Hermit.*

The poor Princess all this while knew not of her being a Prisoner till she came to land at the *Island of Rocks*, where finding her self in a strange place, without the Company of her Lord, she began grievously to afflict herself; but *Andramart*, a great Tyrant, and Governour of that Island, having notice of that beautiful prize, came and courteously invited her into his Castle, and there us'd her in a most obliging manner, hoping thereby to gain her to his lustful Will; but finding fair Means in-

ineffectual, he sent his Sister *Adamasia*, who reproaching her in a most ignominious Sort, torturing her with knotty Whips, and not allowing her, or her Maid *Leda*, Necessaries for Life, in such sort that she had well-nigh perished: Nevertheless the virtuous Princess stood unmov'd, and would never submit to *Andramart's* Lust: Thus for many Months she lived, till at her time it pleased the Goddess *Lucina* to deliver her of a Son, whom she named *Parismenos*, and put it out to Nurse. Then came the cruel *Adomasia*, and vow'd, that unless she would yield to *Andramart's* Love, she would murder the Infant before her Face. Nevertheless she committed her Virtue to the Care of Heaven, and utterly refused to give her Consent. The Nurse hearing thereof, and having a tender Love for so sweet a Babe fled with it into the Wilderness, and there preserved it many Years.

But to return to *Parisinus*, who by this time he had understood that Place to be called the *Desolate Island*, of which the said Hermit was once King, but was supplanted by *Bellona*, a Sorceress, and driven to live in that mean Estate: So, having given an Account at large, he desired them to accept of his hard Bed to refresh themselves for that Night; which for a time, in Civility, they refused, but, with much Importunity,

nity, at last accepted of. The Climate and Season being somewhat cold, they put *Adonius* in the middle, who, poor Heart! with a trembling kind of Joy lay all Night between her beloved *Parismus* and her loving *Pollipus*, that little imagin'd who they had to their Bed-fellow. So mean was their Lodging, and so great their Grief, that *Parismus* spent most of the Night in sad Complaints for the Absence of his *Laurana*, and *Pollipus* for the Unkindness of his *Violetta*; but the Morning approaching, they all arose, and by Directions of the Hermit, went towards the Castle, notwithstanding his earnest Intreaties to the contrary: Having viewed the Castle, stoutly situated upon a high Rock, they heard the ringing of a small Bell, and in short time espied six Knights, in bright Armour, ferrying over the Moat: *Parismus* with *Pollipus*, knowing they should be assaulted, received them at their landing, and that with such Magnanimity and Success, that some fell back into the Water and were drown'd, others lay dead upon the Spot, and the rest submitted themselves. This News being carried into the Castle, *Bellona* herself came out to meet them with a smiling and pleasant Countenance, who *Parismus* took to be some beautiful Prisoner of the Castle, but as he courteously address'd himself to her, she had that Power with her Enchantment,

ment to cause a deep Sleep to come upon them all, and commanded forthwith, that they would be carried Prisoners into the Castle. When their Senses were again restored, they were strangely surprized to find themselves fast shut in a Dungeon, and loaded with heavy Irons, having no other Comfort left them but their Prayers to Heaven, and Complaints to one another. Here they continued many Months under as much Hardship, as the Cruelty of a Tyrant could inflict; for *Drubal*, Paramour to *Bellona*, often sent for them before him, causing them to be tortur'd in divers manners, and taking Delight in their Afflictions. But the Enchantress, seeing the Resolution of *Paris mus*, and the Comeliness of his person, began to entertain lustful Thoughts for him, which she resolved to satiate, though with the Loss of her Life: So that giving *Drubal* a Stupefactive Potion, she address'd herself in obliging manner to *Paris mus*, causing his Fetters to be taken off, and desiring him to walk with her in the Garden: *Paris mus*, wondring at this strange Alteration, resolved to see the Event thereof, and, being come into a pleasant Wilderness, he soon apprehended her lustful Inclinations, and yielding a seeming Compliance therewith, he at last took his Opportunity, seizing her by the Hair of the Head, twisted her Neck in such Sort,

that he set her Face behind her, whereof she immediately died.

This being done, a strange Tempest of Thunder and Lightning arose, which made the very Earth to tremble, and, the Enchantment being broke, there appeared a mighty Smoak about the Castle, which immediately vanished, and left them, as it were on plain Ground. After this, the Place seem'd fill'd with Fiends and damned Spirits, who in hedious sort began to torture *Drubal*, with his Servants and Officers, insomuch, that for a Time, there was nothing to be heard but the Groans and Yells of damned Souls; enough to have terrified the hardest Knight upon the Earth. Nevertheless, *Parismus*, with an immovable Courage, returned to find out *Pollipus* and *Adonius*, whose Fetters were suddenly fallen off, and they, in a strange Amazement, looking about them; but seeing *Parismus*, in Safety, they congratulated each others happy Deliverance, and returned their Thanks to Heaven, that had so miraculously wrought the same. The rest of the Prisoners likewise, understanding that they owed their Deliverance to *Parismus*, came in most courteous manner and returned him their humble Thanks; among whom was the Wife and Children of *Antiochus*, the Hermit, who were by his Means restored to their Kingdom, which ever after they quietly

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quietly enjoyed, rendring the same commodious for Ships, and hospitable for Strangers, which for some Years had been ruined and desolate, and avoided by Mankind as Ominous and Unfortunate.

Antiochus, in Gratitude to these worthy Knights, entertain'd them for some time courteously, in his Palace; and at their Request, hung out a Flag of Truce, to invite Ships into the Port; *Parismus* hoping by that Means to find an Opportunity of going in pursuit of his *Laurance*. At last a Vessel of *Hungary*, under the Command of *Barzillus*, put ashore, and, at the Request of *Parismus*, with a Promise of great Reward, stay'd there for some Days, till he had prepared all things in Readiness for the Voyage, and in solemn manner taking leave of that Court.

CHAP. VIII.

Parismus arriv'd at the Island of Rocks, kills Andramart; and with his Princess joyfully arrives in Bohemia, &c.

THEY had not sailed many Leagues to the Northward, but near the same Place where they were first attacked; they were again board'd by the same Pyrates, whom likewise, after a fierce Engagement, they once more subdued; but considering their former Treachery, *Parismus*

Paris thought good to put the greater part of them to the Sword; sparing only some few to give him an Account of the Princess, and conduct him to the Place



where she was. Whereupon one of them giving him the Story at large, as has been before related; *Paris* with *Pollipus* and *Adonius*, were overjoyed to hear of the Princess's Safety, and resolved to free her from her Imprisonment, or die in the Attempt: This Resolution the Gods seemed to favour, for coming to the Castle-gate, they found *Andramart* just alighted from Hunting, with some six Servants, whom, after a sharp Dispute, *Paris*, with the help of *Pollipus* and *Barzillus*, slew and subdued, and taking the Keys from *Andramars*, who would trust none therewith in

in his Absence, they entred the Castle in Triumph, surprizing and slaying the Servants of *Andramart* at their Pleasure.

And now the main Business was to find out the Princess *Laurana*, whom, after a tedious and diligent Search, they met with in a Room no way fitted for her Condition, but for its Solitariness: She was leaning her Head against the Bosom of *Leda*, with wringed Hands and blubber'd Eyes, uttering nothing but the sweet Name of her beloved *Parismus*. Much ado there was to make these two (once more happy Lovers) sensible of so blessed a Change; but at last, fill'd with the joyful Apprehensions of each others Safety, they spent the Time in a most refined and spotless Enjoyment of each other. By this time *Parismus* having understood the severe Usage *Laurana* met with, and the supposed Murder of *Parismenos*, he reveng'd himself by the severe Death of *Adamasia*, the Authoress thereof, return'd into the Kingdom of *Thessaly*. But with what Joy these long absent Princes were received in the *Thessalian* Court, no Pen is able to express, nor any Reader sufficiently able to comprehend; every one striving who should express the greatest Satisfaction for the Return of a Prince and Princess, whose Fame and Virtues were in all Places loudly spoken of, with Honour, Praise, and the highest Commendations

dations imaginable. King *Dionysius*, with his Queen welcomed them, with Musick, and costly Banquets, and proclaimed a General Rejoycing throughout all his Kingdom for ten Days, to speak the rest of his Contentment, for the happy Arrival of this Princely Pair: None but the Father of *Violetta*, from the Absence of his dear Daughter, was sad in all that Country; yet he had not that Cause to be so, but by Mistake, for she he thought absent was present, disguised in the Habit of a Page, under the Name of *Adonius*, and grieved to see him in that Sorrow, labouring to comfort him, telling him he knew his Daughter, would soon arrive at Court, for he had seen her in his Travels, and the Fame of those Festivals, she being at Liberty and in Health, would no doubt soon bring her there; this a little dried up his aged Tears, though till a fitter Time she resolved not to discover her self to him, or any other.

And *Dionysius*, now the Excess of Joy being somewhat abated, had leisure to hear the Travels and strange Adventures of *Parismus* and *Laurana*, which the noble Prince told him in Order, from his first Departure, till his happy Return, as has been related, recommending to him his Friend *Pollipius* as the most generous of all Knights; whom the King embraced and welcomed with

with much Tenderneſs, as if he had been his own Son, for which he returned him all humble Thanks; but his Mind was ſo taken up with the ſuppoſed Loſs of his ſear *Violetta*, in ſearch of whom he reſolved to travel the World once more, that the Pleaſures of the Court, and the Careſſes he met with there, had no great Influence on him. Yet to this general Rejoycing came many gallant Knights and Ladies; here the valiant *Tellamore* found his Siſter, in whoſe ſearch he had ſpent much Time, and run a thouſand Dangers and Hazards, which greatly rejoyced him.

Whiſt all theſe things happened, the Princeſs *Laurana*, often retir'd and wept in ſecret for the Loſs of her Infant, which ſhe had left in the *Island of Rocks*; and tho' *Parisinus* labour'd to comfort her, yet nothing could prevail with her, to put the Idea of it out of her tender Heart; ſometimes ſhe wiſhed ſhe had died her ſelf to have ſaved it, concluding it muſt be dead; at other times, ſhe flatters her ſelf, that the Protection of Innocents was the peculiar Care of Heaven. But at length, being brought to Bed of a fair Daughter, which ſhe nam'd *Laurinda*, her Sorrows began to leſſen; and this Daughter growing up, was married to the King of *Hungary's* Son, named *Pollineſſo*, a valiant Knight, who

The Famous History of
 who undertook many strange Adventures
 before he obtain'd her Love, becoming fa-
 mous in Arms, and performing many
 brave Exploits, as in the next Chapter will
 appear.

C H A P. IX.

*How Pollinesso, Prince of Hungary, fell in
 Love with the fair Laurinda, the Dang-
 ter of Parismus and Laurana; with a Re-
 lation of his noble Exploits and Victories:
 The Means he took to discover his Passion
 to her; their successful Love and happy
 Marriage, &c.*



I Have told you in the foregoing Chap-
 ter, that after the Loss of her Infant
 in the *Isle of Rocks*. *Laurana*, was comforted
 in bringing forth a fair Daughter, whose
 Beauty exceeded that of her own; she

was baptized with much Pomp, and named *Laurinda*; great Care was taken in her Education; and as she grew up, the Fame of her peerless Beauty spreading in many Courts, captivated divers Princes before they saw her; and amongst others the brave *Pollinesso*, Son to the King of *Hungary*; who with a splendid Equipage, came to her Father's Court, and was highly welcomed for the Dignity of his House, as well as the Grace and Comeliness of his Person, to which above all were added, the Fame of this noble Atchievements; he at the Head of ten Thousand Men, had fought fifty Thousand of his Father's Rebels, and, with his own Hand, killing the Ring-leaders, he thereby restored Peace to *Hungary*; and after that, he much enlarged those Territories, in the Borders of *Silesia*, *Moravia*, *Croatia*, &c. and won such Victories over the *Turks*, as made his Name as famous as that of the Great *Huniades*, from whom he was descended.

And this Prince, gaining many Advantages over his numerous Rivals, and those not inconsiderable, in these many Tilts and Tournaments, *Parismus* made to entertain his noble Guests, he won immortal Honours, which made the beautiful *Laurinda*, who, was usually a Spectator, cast her Eye upon him, more than any

The famous History of

any other, before he had an Opportunity, to make his Affection known to her any other way, than by keeping his Eyes often fixed on hers; sometimes suffering a Sigh to escape, when he was not so watchful over his Passion, as he usually was. One in the cool Alleys, covered over from the Heat, by arching Shades, which *Clarinda* her Maid, whom she most confided in, just as she turn'd on a Mossie Bank, overspread with Vines, she perceived Prince *Pollinesso*, his Face somewhat turn'd from her, and shaded by the Boughs in a Slumber: The Maid seeing a little Picture lying by him, in a Scarlet-string, was curious to step forward and take it up. But, O Heavens! when the Princess, to whom she brought it, had cast her Eyes on it, and perceiving it was the Resemblance of her fair self, her Blushes cover'd her Face with a rose Die, and she was not able to speak for a long time, for the Confusion it put her in.

During this Amazement of the Princess, *Pollinesso* turned a little, and after many deep Sighs, said, *Ab! How long shall I suffer, and not be able to let her know it? Whose christial Eyes kill me, though with a pleasing Pain. Ab! My dear Laurinda, how many Torments do I undergo, whilst thou all Innocent and Fair, art ignorant of them!*

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Let me take Courage then, and prostrate at the Feet of my adored Princess! implore her to be gracious! Whilst Laurinda hearkened to his pitious Complaint, her Maid retiring a little out of Respect, the Prince, thoroughly awaken'd, turn'd his Eyes that way, and casting them on the Face of his fair princess, who was about to retire in some Confusion, he took her at first to be his Guardian Angel, dazzling with Brightness: but, at length, perceiving it was the real Beauty he adored, not doubting but she had over-heard his passion, resolved to take this Opportunity to fall at her Feet; when, rising in a submissive manner, he went towards the trembling Princess, who had no power at that Time to fly from him; and bending one Knee to the Ground, he said, Fairest of Creatures, pardon my bold Intrusion on your Privacy, but the Occasion that emboldens me to do it, is of no less a Concernment, than the Life of this happy or miserable Prince kneeling before you, his Destiny entirely being in your Power. The Princess was so amazed at this Declaration, that she was not able to frame an Answer but kept her Eyes fixed on the Ground, which gave him the freer Liberty to finish the Story of his Passion, which he did in such moving Words and Gestures, offering her his Sword to free her self of a Life he tender'd her, if it was any ways displeasing to her, that
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the tender-hearted Lady, letting fall some Tears, promised not to be insensible of his Passion, nor ungrateful to his Merits, but to do in all things what might become a virtuous Lady, intreating him to be satisfied with it. At this he become so transported, he could hardly contain his Joy, from bursting into a thousand extravagant Expressions; but seeing many Ladies enter the Garden, the Princess retired to entertain them, and gave him an Opportunity to get out unseen of them.

After this he had the Favour to entertain her in her Chamber, many Letters passed between 'em; and after he had signalized himself in a thousand gallant Actions for her Service, *Parismus* and *Laurana* coming to the Knowledge of their Loves, and considering by their own, the Passions of others, who had noble Souls like theirs, there was little Difficulty found in the Compliance, so that after some Crosses and Disappointments before they knew their Hearts, were so nearly united and firmly linked in the Bonds of Love, they consented to the Marriage, and their Hands were joyned to their mutual Satisfaction in the Temple of *Hymen*, with great Magnificence, Pomp and Solemnity, to the Joy of the whole Nation, who kept a Feast ten Days in Honour of the Wedding.

After this, they lived in great Splendour, and had a Son named *Pernenisso*, of whose Fame you will hear in the Third Part of this History.

C H A P. X.

How Frenetta, Daughter to King Antiochus, fell in Love with Pollipus; and upon his Refusing her, fell Distracted, and died Mad.



WHilst *Pollipus* lingered, attended by his supposed *Adonius*, *Frenetta*, Daughter to King *Antiochus*, who had entertained him, and *Parismus* so honourable in the *Desolate Island*, came in Search of him to the *Thessalian Court*, as being extreamly in Love, and finding him, he welcomed her to the Palace, with much Joy, Pleasure, and many endearing Expressions, for the kind

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Offices she had done him, during his stay in her Father's Court, and recommended her to the Company of the *Thessalian* Ladies, who entertained her with many Obligements. This Courtesie of *Pollipus*, the Princess taking to proceed from his Love and Affection to her, fondly gave the Reins to her Passion, and indulg'd herself with Flatteries, of Things she was never like to possess; yet finding he proceeded not to court her, as she expected, and her Feaver of Love encreasing, after a long while tormenting her self in Mind, and not being able to rule her Passion, she resolv'd at the cost of many Blushes to break the Rule, which the Modesty of some Virgins allow not, and plainly tell him her Mind; when one Day meeting him in the Gallery with *Adonius*, as he came towards her, to salute her in his usual manner, desiring to know whether she was at Liberty to bestow her Conversation on him, to pass away a few solitary Hours; after some Blushes and Excuses, she willingly consented, and after some Discourse, about indifferent things, that had passed between them, she drew him aside to a Window that look'd into a pleasant Garden, and not being able to contain her self any longer, she thus began:

Courteous Knight, excuse me, if, contrary to the Maiden Rule, which ties them up to too much Reservedness, I am constrain'd to reveal

a Secret that struggles, and is too mighty for my Breast to contain : To be plain, I love you with the truest Affection a willing Heart can entertain ; and without like Returns of Love from you, I find I must be miserable. Pollipus was not a little startled at this unexpected Discourse, excusing himself as unworthy, of so great a Favour, till finding she grew impatient of Denial, and that his Complements only added Fuel to her Flame, he thought it best to undeceive her, lest the Impression, he had made in her Heart, should go too deep, and endanger so virtuous and innocent a Creature, who had deserv'd well at his Hands ; one who had refused Princes for his Sake. But, as he was about to tell her of his Engagement to *Violetta*, *Parismus*'s coming in, interrupted it ; so that the Princess, being thus prevented, in the suitable Answer, she expected, went away blushing, and in much Heaviness, leaving her beloved Knight in great Confusion, at this unexpected Adventure, which *Parismus* perceiving, so earnestly pressed him, to know what laboured in his Mind, that he told him all that had passed between him, and the Princess *Frenetta*. The Prince endeavour'd to persuade him to Compliance with her Love, urging the Advantages he would gain in marrying a King's Daughter, with a Kingdom to her Dower ; One Wise and Beautiful, and not easily to be

be excelled in Perfection of Body and Mind.

Adonius, who had over-heard all this, was mightily troubl'd thinking these Persuasions might alter his Love, in Favour of that Princess, so that the Tears trickled down her Eyes; for this *Adonius*, as we have said, was that *Violetta*, in Disguise, that he had vow'd eternal Constancy too: But when she heard his Reply, Joy overflowed her Heart. For, said he, *most noble Prince, tho' indeed I can but compassionate this Royal Maid, who does me an Honour, of which I am not worthy, in granting me her Love, but having vow'd eternal Constancy to my dear Violetta, and whose true Affection I am confident of, tho' she be not a King's Daughter, yet she is dearer to me than all the Princesses in the World, nor shall any Crown bribe me to break my Vowes to her; but it may be my Absence, in Search of her, may do the Princess a Kindness in curing her of a Passion, which comes too late to be eased by me.*

Parisms, who had proceeded before to try his Constancy, applauded this virtuous Opinion of his; but *Violetta*, exceedingly rejoyced, as being now confirmed no Beauty, how much soever it might exceed her's, was capable to gain a place in his Heart above her; but, however, where-ever he walked she kept so near to him, that she hinder'd all the Opportunities of the Princess's speaking to him, till at last, being a-

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bout to depart in Search of her that was always so near him in Disguise, he resolv'd to force himself so far as to undeceive the Princess; and thereupon stealing from *Adonius*, he went to her Chamber, where he found her cast on her Bed, and her fair Eyes much injured by the often trickling down of Tears: at the sight of him she raised herself up, as well as the Weakness of her Condition would allow, and in hopes he came to make a Proffer of his Love to her, her Heart was so revived, that fresh Blood came into her Face, grown pale with Sorrow, and caused a comely Blush: she welcom'd him with many kind Expressions, but he, perceiving her Mistake, sat down by her, and laying his Hand on hers, whilst she gave him a melting Kiss, fetching a Sigh, he said, *Ab! Divine Princess, that I must be ungrateful to so much Beauty and Goodness, that I must refuse what is offer'd, and yet acknowledge it much above my Deserts; yet pardon me, that am constrained to do it; and call in that Love that you have placed on one that can make no suitable Return; my Heart had entertained another Guest before I saw your beauteous Face, a Lady to no Princess, to whom I have vowed eternal Constancy, that I know not at present what Part of the World containeth her.*

This the Princess took so heavily, to find she was utterly rejected, that not being

capable to reply, bursting into Tears, with a great Cry, she cast herself on her Bed, and fell into a deep Swoon, from which he endeavour'd to recover her; but in the mean time her Maids came about her, and when he saw her begin to revive, he, lest his Presence should the more trouble her, withdrew himself: but when she came to her Senses, and missed him, she fell into grievous Complaints, and such immoderate Sorrow, that it disordered her Brain to a degree of Distraction, so that with that, and pining away, by refusing Food, this poor Princess, who came too late to possess a Heart she so fain would have enjoyed, died, greatly lamented of all that heard of her sad Story.

C H A P. X.

How Pollipus, unknown to him, lay with Violetta; how he told her the Story of his Love, and the Comfort she gave him; how at last she discover'd herself to him, &c.

THo there were many Turnaments and Jufts, ordained in Honour of *Parifmus's* Marriage, and many renowned Knights did Wonders, yet *Parifmus* himfelf, in Honour of his fair Bride, entering the Lifts, perform'd fuch Wonders in Chivalry, Unhorfing all he encounter'd, that the Lawrel was placed on his Head,

by the Judges of the Field; as an Assurance of Victory; and in the Close of the Evening, the whole Palace being Illuminated with Wax-tapers, the Ladies prepared to Dance, and there was Royal Feasting, as well for the Strangers, as those that appertained to the Court: But all this while *Pollipus* was very sad, and intent about his Departure in search of *Violetta*, who had lain with him so often unknown, or un-



discovered of what Sex she was, which made him privately withdraw from this Noble Assembly, that hasting to Bed, he might be up the earlier to be going in the Morning; he soon did what he proposed, and ordered his supposed Page to lie with him; he slept little that Night, but prov'd very restless, sighing and groaning very much tossing to and fro, as one

much disturbed in Mind, grieving for the Death of the Princess *Frenetta*, and more, when he consider'd the Dangers, as he suppos'd, his dear *Violetta* might be expos'd to, forwant of his Assistance; which made her, who then lay by him, inwardly smile, and to pass away the Time resolv'd to enter into a Discourse with him; whereupon, Sir Knight, said she, I wonder that for a considerable Time past, I have perceiv'd you altogether restless and uneasie, start in your Sleep, and talk of strange Things to your self; therefore, continu'd she, I beseech you, if I have found Favour in your Sight, or, at any time been gracious in your Eyes, let me make it my Request, that you would freely open your Bosom thoughts to me, and hide me from your poor Servant the weighty Secret that so much oppresses you; perhaps Heaven may be so propitious, as to inspire me with such Counsel, as may afford you a timely Remedy, before you throw your self into a Despairing Condition.

Poor Boy, replied he, thy Love is unquestionable to me, and I know, lay it in thy Power to ease the Dolours, and Anguish of my Soul, they would not be of long Continuance; but, alas, in the Condition I am, all thy Love, Strength, Art, or Policy, is unavailable in this Case.

But pray, said she, let me know it however, and if I can't do what I would to contribute to your Quiet and Happiness, I will do it to the utmost

utmost of my Power, and doubt not but some Advantage may accrue by it.

And so long she pressed him, that at last, fetching a deep Sigh, he told her all the material Passages of his Love, and that the Cause of his Grief sprung from a Fear, that he was slighted by her he so much loved, since he had never heard from her in any Court wherein he had been enquiring for her.

Is this all? said she, Can a Fancy, set on a Woman's Beauty, breed such Disquiets in the Mind of so valiant and brave a Knight? Come, come trouble your self no more about it; your Worth, if she had any knowledge of your Love, is of force sufficient to gain her Affections, and keep her constant: Come, cheer up, Sir, for I know this Violetta well; that she is of so virtuous a Disposition, that nothing can make her condescend to any thing that is not brave and generous; and, if I can presage aright, as often I have done, there is no doubt but in a short Space you will find her; and not only find her, but find her courteous and loving, free from Disdain, and ever from Coyness, any more than Modesty requires.

This Discourse, though he could lay no great Stress upon it, was however, pleasing to our Knight, so that towards Morning he fell into a pleasant Slumber, and dreamed he was Embracing of his dear Violetta, with such Content and Satisfaction, that the Thoughts of it even almost ravish-

ed him, when he was awake, and taking it for a good Omen of finding her, he hasted to get ready his Horse, in order to be gone; when *Violetta*, who had all this while gone under the disguised Name of *Adonius*, in a Page's Habit, and had lain with her dear *Pollipus* undiscover'd to him, and thereby knew more particularly the Sincerity of his Affections towards her; when she found she was unable, by the inward Motions of her Heart, to conceal herself any longer from his Knowledge; she had heard the Sighs and Groans he had uttered, and seen the many Tears that in pearly Drops distilled from his Eyes for her supposed Loss, whilst she lay by his Side, and at other times, when she accompanied him in lonely Woods and Groves, where he vented his Woes and Lamentations; and finding he was about to take his leave of *Parismus*, in search of her, she concluded he had been enough afflicted, and ought to suffer no more, when it was in her power to remedy it: Yet to save her Blushes and Honour, she thought a convenient Opportunity was the best; and therefore being in Bed with him, and hearing his Sighs, tho' she was still under the Disguise of a Page, she told him, she in a little time doubted not but to ease his Sorrow, but he had made little account of it; she told him she knew very well where his

Lady

Lady was, and that could do more with her, on his behalf, than any one living. He only replied, *Alas ! pretty Youth, I know thou endeavourest to delude my Sorrows ; but I tell you no Flattery or Insinuation can end them till I find her, unless Death puts an end to my Woes, in the tedious Search I am about to make after her.*

Upon this she perswaded him not to undertake it, and had much ado to refrain from Tears; she thought instantly to have discovered herself, but Honour checked her Passion in such an unseemly place; yet promised him that the next Day she would, ease his Pain, and prevent his Journey, by presenting his Mistress before him; this he still looked on as a Fable, and so, as well as his restless Condition would permit, he fell asleep.

The Sun the next Morning had no sooner gilded the Earth with its glorious Beams, and made all Nature rejoyce with its kind Light and Heat, but the fair One, rising first, desired him for to come to her in the neighbouring Grove, under the spreading Beech-tree, where he had so often uttered his Laments, and carved the Cypher of his Beloved's Name on the tender Bark, and there he should find the Joy and Satisfaction she had promised him : she needed not to use many Arguments to incite him, for he immediately promised to obey. In

the mean while, by the means of *Leda*, tho' Princess *Laurana's* Maid, she had got Female Apparel, very rich and costly, and hid them some distance from the Place in a Thicket.

Pollipus you may be sure was not slow to keep his Word, though Doubts and Fears were greater than his expected Joys; it was not long (for the Steps of Lovers are always swift) e'er he arrived at the well-known Place, and finding only the supposed *Adonius* there, sitting on a little Hill, raised of Turffs, very pensive and thoughtful, he fancy'd all the Contrivance was only to lull his Sorrow asleep; yet she no sooner heard his tread, but starting up, and running to meet him, put him into other Thoughts; when she told him, if he would have but the Patience to sit a little, she would fetch the Saint, he did so much admire, to him.

Ah! said *Pollipus*, embracing her, *if that could be done, all the Business of my Life should be to make thee amends.*

Well, replied she, *if I do not, let me henceforth suffer all your Hate, which would be worse to me than Death.*

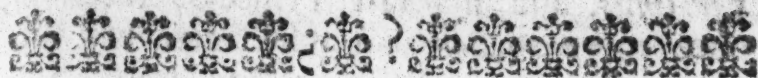
Hereupon she departed, and went into the Thicket, and put off her Page's Habit, and attired herself with the other: At her Approach he started, and thought he saw a Vision, the Brightness of Angels, casting

casting a Radiance of Diviue Beauty, thro' the shading Branches of the Grove; and immediately hasting to meet so heavenly a Creature, astonish'd, and not able to speak, he fell down at her Feet, but she raised him gently, when looking on her lovely and well-known Eyes, with Kisses and Tears, he embrac'd her, as yet not being able to speak for Joy; coming a little to himself, and having pour'd out his passionate Affections, his next Words were to enquire for *Adonius*, that he might requite him, in some measure, for so great a Favour: But giving him a tender Kiss, she said, *Ab, my Lord, you have the Page in me, Adonius and Violetta are all one: Thro' the Affection I bore you, and to try your Constancy, I put on that Disguise of Name and Habit.* This struck him with greater Wonder and Admiration than before, that he could scarce believe that he was awake, and that it was rather a Dream than a Reality: but upon her often repeating it, delivering him a Jewel he had given her, and all the former Circumstances of their Love and Misfortunes, in an excess of Joy he was confirmed of the Truth; and so an end being put to his Sorrow, and intended Search, he led the admired Lady to his Lodgings.

The News of this coming to the knowledge of *Parismus* and his fair Princess, caused great Joy in them, who immediately

went to visit the two Lovers, and congratulate their happy Meeting: but when *Paris* knew that *Violetta* had been represented by *Adonius*, he could not but be in greater Admiration than his Friend, embracing of her tenderly, as did his Princess, declaring her Innocence and Virtue: And hereupon *Andrugio*, her Father, being sent for, with Tears of Joy, gave his Consent, joyning their Hands in a happy Marriage, which was celebrated with great Pomp and Magnificence, *Dionysius* and his Queen being at the Wedding. And with this happy Marriage we conclude the First Part of this Renowned History.

The End of the First Part.



The Famous and Renowned
History of *PARISMUS*.

The Second Part.

C H A P. I.

Of Parismus and Laurana's Departure from the Kingdom of Theffaly to Bohemia, also Pollipus and Violetta's Arrival there, and the Misfortune that befel them.



L Eaving the two new-married Lovers, enjoying all the Felicity they could desire, in the Court of *Dionysius*, King of *Theffaly*, we must follow *Paris-*

Parismus, and his fair Princess, returning once more to *Bohemia*, who were not parted with, but with Tears, and much Sorrow, by *Dionysius*, the Queen, *Olivia*, and all the Court: However, they were attended with a very noble Train, of some of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, and so, for Brevity's sake, in this Place omit their Names. In their way by Land they passed through many Countries, without meeting with any Adventures worthy of note; and arriving upon the Confines of *Bohemia*, the Prince welcomed his beloved *Laurana* to a Country, of which Destiny, after some Hardships, which she was yet to undergo, had design'd her Queen.

Parismus had sent word before of his coming, and therefore the *Bobemians* every-where welcomed him and his Princess with Joy, and Shows of Triumph; and amongst those that came to meet and congratulate him, was one *Ancestes*, a noble Man, who entreated him in his way to the Court, to take an Entertainment at his House, which he kindly accepted, where he and his Company were entertain'd with great Splendour and Magnificence; and here it was, upon notice sent by this noble Man, that the King and Queen of *Bohemia* casting off their great Sadness, came to meet them, and with Tears of Joy expressed

pressed their Welcome. Not long after the Court had abounded in Feasts and triumphant Shows, and all that could express the Welcome of so long an absent Prince; and the fair Lady he had gained by his Virtue and Valour; *Pollipus* and *Violetta* arrived to participate of these Joys with their beloved Friends; but in a little time there happened an Accident that much eclipsed the Mirth of the Court, especially that of the Prince, and his Princess, for *Pollipus*, and his beloved Lady, going in the Evening to take their Recreation in the Forest, without any Attendance, as they were discoursing of Love, and former Adventures, a huge Bear came towards them, which terrible Beast affrighting the Lady, he started up and drew his Sword to shield her from the Danger, immediately putting the Beast to flight; but not thinking it enough, unless he brought its Head to lay at her Feet, as a Trophy of his Honour, he pursued him among the thickest of the Trees, contrary to her Intreaty, and at last kill'd him; but in the mean while, she, fearing his Safety, and apprehensive of her own Danger, strayed so far, that when he returned he could not find her: whereupon he immediately run to the Court, thinking her Fears had carried her thither; but not, upon enquiry, and the most diligent Search, getting any notice of her, he ran, like

like one distracted, back again to the Forest, with his bloody Sword in his Hand, but to little purpose; for she, growing weary with Searching for him, and thinking he was devour'd of wild Beasts, sat down on a Bank to bemoan her Misfortunes, making grievous Complaints; which one *Archas*, called, *The Cruel*, for his Tyranny and Villany, hearing, as he was beating the Roads for Prey, entered the Forest, and seeing a Woman in a disconsolate Condition, and at the same time, beholding her excellent Beauty, who looked lovely in Tears, he demanded the Cause of her Bewailings, which she had no sooner told him, in hopes he was a courteous Knight, and that by his Assistance her Lord might be found: but on the contrary, burning with lustful Desires, he told her, if she would mount behind one of his Servants, and ride to Court, he and the rest would search the Woods, and bring her Lord to her. To this, with some Unwillingness, she consented, giving him her Scarf, to shew *Pollipus*, a Pledge of her Safety, that he need no longer doubt or torment himself with Fears: But this treacherous Tyrant had given private Orders she should be immediately carried to his Castle, standing some Miles from thence, among Rocks and Mountains, very difficult

cult of Access; which was performed, notwithstanding her Struggling and Cries, to prevent it : and that, upon Search, she might be thought to be torn apieces by wild Beasts, he tore her Scarf, and scattered it in the Paths of the Forest; which *Pollipus*, upon finding it, believing, made such Lamentations as pierced not only the Heart of the valiant *Parismus*, but the most Obdurate: He thereupon running in to the Woods, and vowing not to give over Search till he found her. *Laurana* hearing this, was much cast down in Sorrow for the cross Accident that had befallen the two constant Lovers: And many were sent out to look for *Pollipus*, and assist him, if in Danger; but could not at that time find him: So that we must leave him in search a while for his Lady, and return to other Adventures.

C H A P. II.

How the Nurse of Parismenos, the Princeſſ Laurana's Son, being killed by a Lion, in the Tartarian Ile of Rocks, he liv'd in great Hardſhip as a wild Man, and arriv'd at Andramart's Caſtle; how he was receiv'd there to his Content, and after a hard Combat, and being deſirous to ſeek Adventures, put to Sea, where he fought with the Moorish Pyrates, but being ſeperated and ſhipwrecked by Storm, he was caſt on the Coaſt of Thrace, and there nam'd the Knight of Fame.



YOU have heard already how the fair and beautiful Princeſſ *Laurana* was delivered of a Son in her great Diſtreſs,

in

in the *Isle of Rocks*; this Son being there taken from her, by order of *Andramart* and *Adamasia*, his cruel Sister, and the Princess's Jaylor, to grieve and afflict the Lady the more, because she would not yield to the Tyrant's Lust; and that not being able to terifie, or win upon her Virtue, Orders were given, in her hearing, to the Nurse to Murder it: As for the Sorrow she conceived hereat, it is in vain for us to go about to describe it; but so Providence order'd, to the future Comfort of its Parents, that the Nurse, in obedience to their wicked Commands, putting the Knife twice or thrice to its Throat, the innocent Babe still smiling in her Face, Compassion wrought with her so far, that she had neither the Courage nor Heart to destroy it; whereupon, one Moon-shiny Night, she left the Castle privately, and went with it into a Cave in a great Forest, where she nourished it some Years with the Milk of a Goat she carried along with her; feeding herself upon Roots, and such Fruits as the Forest afforded, in the various Seasons: and, though she was much searched for, could not be found.

At length *Andramart*, and his cruel Sister, as in the First Part is mentioned, being put to Death by *Parismus*, and the suffering Princess rescued, by her dear Lord, from their barbarous Hands, this poor Woman, sup-

supposing the Danger to be over, and designing to carry the Child back, to the Mother, in the Way, meeting with a Lion eager of Prey, threw down the Babe; but the cruel Beast smelling to it, and finding it of Royal Blood, left it, and pursued the poor flying Wretch, who he soon overtook and devoured; so that after this, the Child, who was about three Years old, not knowing whence he came, nor where to go, thought that Forest to be all the World, and therefore wandred up and down in it; feeding upon what Providence sent; and in this Condition he lived till he grew up to Man's Estate, then, being weary, one Day, and reposing in the Cave where he had been nursed, he fancied in his Dream, that his Nurse appeared to him, and led him by the Hand to a fair Castle, wherein he beheld abundance of fine People, who entertained him with curious Delicacies, harmonious Sounds, and all other things that were both delightful and pleasant to his Thoughts: waking, he much pondered upon these Things, and found himself delighted with the Thoughts of them: when immediately, as he was musing, a young Bear started out of a Brake, the Chase of which he follow'd, with only his Hunting-pole in his Hand, this Beast flying still before him, and out-stripping him, came to the edge of the Forest, and

in the Plain, being more nimble of Foot, he soon overtook and destroyed him, taking the Skin, which he flayed off with a sharp Flint-stone, as his Spoil, and feeding on part of the Carcass. But now, being out of the Forest, which he had never been before, he thought himself in a strange Country, and finding it pleasant, resolved to ramble, which he did so long, till he came within sight of a fair Castle; which he fancied to be the same he had seen in his Dream, and which had made so great an Impression in his Mind; so that he resolved to go to it, and with much Difficulty ascended the steep rocky Stairs; but then he must pass the Guard, who used him very roughly; yet, with his mighty Staff, like *Hercules*, he broke his way, laying two or three of them at his Feet, which put all in an Uproar, but encompassing and taking him Prisoner, by his Discourse and Behaviour, finding he must be one that was made, or savagely brought up in the Woods, they offered him no further Violence, but for his Valour entertained him amongst them, to his great Delight and Contentment, having changed the Society of Beasts now for that of Men, and a different Habitation

One Day discoursing with the Chief of them, and hearing there were other Countries besides this, wherein many noble Acts of

of Chivalry were performed, his Courage was so enflamed, that he was restless, till he had engaged *Tiresius*, the chief of them, to promise to carry him with him into other Lands, when the Ships set out, that he might seek Adventures; and he accordingly consented, but in their sailing they were set on by the *Moorish* Pyrates, where he stood them in great stead, beating the storming Enemy into the Sea by Scores, till at last a mighty Tempest arising, ended the Fight, yet brought them into worse Danger, by beating the Vessels in pieces on Rocks and Quicksands, in which Shipwreck, almost all were drowned; but Providence saved this Prince, after two Days floating on a broken mast, that carried him on shore in *Thrace*, almost dead, by reason of the Wounds he received in the Fight, and the Fatigue on the briny Waves; but in this despairing Condition, being taken into Favour by Duke *Amasenus*, upon relating to him the Story of his Life, and the Doubtfulness of his Birth and Parentage, he was call'd by him, *The Knight of Fame*, after he had knighted him, and put him in an Equipage of Chivalry.

C H A P. III.

How Amphiron, being in Love with Duke Amasenus's Dutcheſs, contrived to Debauch her, but being rejected by the virtuous Lady, his Love turned to Revenge; when being jealous of Parilmenos, he contrived with a Waiting-woman of hers to incense the Duke against him, who ordered Parilmenos to be devour'd by Lions, and the Dutcheſs to be burnt. How he slew the Lions, acquitted his and her Innocency, and discovered the Treason.



Parilmenos continuing in the Court of Thrace, so civilized himself, after his former rough manner, that he soon became so accomplished a Knight, that most of the great

great Ladies of the Court, cast their Eyes upon him, and could not forbear blushing, when he did the like on them; but he destined to another's Fortune, was so little sensible of that silent Love-language, that it made no Impression in his Mind: In all the Jests and Turnaments he so bravely behaved himself, that he carried the Prize from the stoutest Champions though Warriors of long Experience: When he hunted Lions and Tygers in the huge Forests that are in that vast Country, he would outstrip them on Foot, and singly charging the furious Beasts with his Spear, remain Conqueror.

This earthly Growth in Virtue and Valour, as it made him highly belov'd by some, so it gain'd him the Envy of others, whose Glory he eclips'd by the Martial Promises of a growing Greatness, amongst whom was Prince *Amphiron*, a Man of a proud Spirit, who pretended secret Love to *Amphiron's* Dutcheß, an exceeding beautiful Lady of whom he had been enamour'd before her Marriage with the Duke, and his Anger was the more whetted, because he was jealous of another Rival, perceiving he often cast of her Eyes on the gallant young Knight, he had by many secret Conferences plotted the Duke's Death, to bring his Ends about, but still was frustrated, and not being able to refrain from treachery

rous Practices, now hired several Russians to kill *Parismenos*, that his way might be the freer to his wicked Attempts, who way-laid him in the Evening, as he was returning to the Palace; but though he was without Armour, and had no other Weapon but his Sword, he so bravely defended himself, and offended his Enemies, that two of the four were soon laid dead at his Feet, which so froze the Courage of the rest, that despairing to effect the wicked Enterprize, they fled to him that had set them to work, with the News of the Disappointment, leaving *Parismenos* to pass on his way to his Apartment: *Amphiron* fretted at this; however he sent to fetch off the dead Bodies and bury them secretly, to prevent Discovery; giving out, that Thieves pester'd the City, and committed many Outrages, saying, himself not long before had been set upon in like manner, shewing an old Wound long since received; the better to colour the Matter.

Though *Amphiron* in this and other Projects had been defeated, he resolved not to give over; and finding he could not enjoy the fair Dutcheß, and that by her seldom stirring abroad without a strong Guard of Spear-men and Archers, he despair'd of carrying her away by Surprise, and enjoying her by Force, exasperated him the more, because she had lately protested, if he troubled

bled him any longer with his detested Love, she would acquaint the Duke her Husband with it, to his Ruin: He changed his Love into Hatred, and resolved to be revenged on her, by making her eternally infamous.

The fair Dutcheſs had a Waiting-woman, named *Antominosa*, to her *Amphiron* pretended Love, and with many costly Gifts ſo won upon her Affection, that ſhe was wholly at his Devotion, diſcovering all the Dutcheſs's Secrets to him, in which he found grounds to raiſe the Duke's Jealouſie, to which of his own Nature he was very much inclinable, being in Years, and his Lady exceeding handſome; when finding him liſten to what he inſinuated, he took the boldneſs to tell him, if he had a mind to be ſatisfied with his own Eggs, he would give him that Satisfaction in the Evening (by perſonating her Lover) whom ſhe uſed to entertain from her Balcony in the Gardens from which he had often ſeen a Ladder and Ropes let down and the Party aſcended, as he verily believed, by their Expreſſions to enjoy her; whom, he ſaid, he would have killed on the Spot. but for fear the Diſcovery ſhould wound the Dutcheſs's Reputation; yet ſeeing ſhe left not off thoſe wicked Practices, he, after long ſtrugling with his Conſcience, found himſelf in Duty bound, to declare the Injury to his Highneſs the moſt loving of Huſbands, and the moſt wronged of Men.

The Duke heard this with much Impatience, and after Vowing a severe Revenge, without further considering what Virtue and Innocence he injured by the Traducement of a Traitor, he order'd him to put in practice what he propos'd, and himself would be in an Arbor near enough to hear and see what pass'd. This treacherous Man no sooner left the Duke, but he went to *Antominosa*, feigning a pleasant Humour, and after some Caresses, told her, That he must play a Frolick for his sake that Evening, which was, to dress herself in one of the Dutchess's Suits of Apparel, fine as might be, and appear in the Balcony to entertain him with Love discourse, Imitating her Voice as near as possibly, and call him her dear *Parismenos*, to prevent the Knowledge of his true Name, and let down the Rope-ladder he then gave her for him to ascend, that so enjoying her, he might conclude he had enjoyed in her the Dutchess, and so weaning himself from that proud Beauty, fix his whole Affection on her, and make her his Wife! The poor easie Girl, ignorant of his Intentions, in hopes of a noble Husband, readily consented: and at the time appointed, the Duke, by her Habit, Voice and Face, that appeared by the glimmering of the Moon, concluded it was his Lady, and that she was adulterously enclined to *Parismenos*.

whose Youth and Beauty had overcome her Chastity: *Amphiron*, who would not ascend the Ladder, though let down, pretending he saw one at a Distance in the Garden, no sooner return'd to the Duke, but he found him in such a Rage, that he could hardly hinder him from executing his Vengeance on them immediately; but the crafty Traytor delayed him till he could send away *Antimonosia*, lest upon breaking out of the Business, she should make her Discovery to free the Dutcheß, which before Day he did, to a Castle belonging to him some Leagues distant, promising to follow and marry her; but, by the way, she according as he had ordered, was murdered and buried in a Wood; as one of the Murderers, coming to dye at the Gallows, confessed.

To be brief, the Day following, the Dutcheß was condemned to be burned, and *Parismenos* to be devoured by two Lions before her Face, ere Fire was set to the Pile, their Protestations of Innocence, nothing mollifying the Duke's hard Heart: *Parismenos* was, by the Intercession of the Nobles, allowed to wear Gantlets, with which, contrary to their Expectation, he slew both those furious Beasts; and then aloud demanded the Combat with his Accuser to clear the Dutcheß's Innocence, as he had done his own; which was thought so

reasonable, that *Amphiron* was, against his Will, constrained to undertake it: and both being mounted, after a sharp Combat, *Parifmenos* gave his Adversary so many Wounds, that fainting, he fell from his Horse, and cried out he was a dead Man; and indeed, being about to give up the Ghost, his Conscience touched him so nearly, that he openly confessed this, and all his other Treasons and ill Practices against the Duke and Dutchesse, desiring theirs and *Parifmenos's* Pardon, whose Innocency he had wronged in hopes of Revenge, declaring to make amends the Accomplices of his Treacheries, and so died, leaving them to be executed on the Gallows, where many of them suffered. The Dutchesse hereupon was freed, and *Parifmenos* highly praised. But for all this, he wanted not Enemies in the Court, as will appear in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

How Parifmenos, gaining the Love of the Duke, was envied by his Courtiers; how they conspired against his Life, and how he was revenged of them, &c.

BEING now in the *Thracian* Court, when he had made a fuller Relation of his story, but could give no Account of his Name, Parentage, or the Country he was

bred up in; the Duke, at the Infimulation of *Chorus*, a Knight of the Court, who feared *Parismenos* might eclipse his Glory, and the Name he had undeservedly gotten, began to have him in Distrust, but, upon the plain Answers he made him, being convinced of his Innocence, and that he was no Pirate or Spy, as the other had suggested, he reprov'd the envious Courtier; and carrying *Parismenos* with him to many great Entertainments, it provok'd *Chorus* so much, that he sent the Prince a Challenge; and he entreating the Duke's leave to enter the Combat with him, it was consented to; and so in a long and bloody Conflict he slew his Adversary, which gain'd him much Love of the common sort of People, especially, because that Lord was the most Haughty, Proud, and Injurious Person in the Country.

After this, the Duke's Opinion of him encreas'd, but for that cause the Knights of the Court envied him; but more particularly, because the Ladies had cast their Eyes on him, and highly approv'd his comely Personage, Beauty, and courteous Behaviour, which shew'd him to be of no mean Birth, fearing that he would win all the Honour and Love, and leave them frustrated of their Expectation.

Among these Knights was *Argulus*, a Kinsman to *Chorus*, whom he had slain in
fair

fair Combat; this Man, to bring his Destruction the better to pass, made great shew of Friendship and Kindness to him; insinuating the more cunningly by the means of one *Themides*, of whom *Parismenos* had some good Opinion, because the Duke favoured him; so between them they persuaded him to the Hunting of a mighty wild Boar, who had destroyed many people and Cattle, alledging, That if he employed his Valour in destroying it, his Fame would be renowned for ever. They well enough knew his forward Courage, and therefore expected his Compliance, which accordingly they obtained; and the next Morning he appointed to meet them at a set Hour by the Forest-side; yet, having had Dreams that Night, and his Nose dropping Blood in the Morning, and he being more sad than usual, his Heart fore-gave him that some Mischief was intended him; then he called to mind the frowning Countenances of the Courtiers toward him, and so, being in a strange Country, he knew not well what to think on it: but having passed his Word, and scorning to give up his Mind to Fears, he mounted a gallant Steed the Duke had presented him withal, and riding on, in a musing manner, he at some distance beheld a Damosel, with her Hair about her Ears, riding towards him, with pitious Out-cries, as if she had

been pursued; when coming up to him, *Courteous Knight*, said she, wringing her Hands, and letting feigned Tears fall from her Eyes; *If you have any pity on the Distressed, right my Wrongs on the two injurious Men, Knights I dare not stile them, for had they any Honour, they would not have used me thus.* Then she told him a feigned Story, how shewas going to Duke *Amasenus*, with a Letter from a Person of great Honour, that they had taken it away from her, and rifled her of other Things, &c. The innocent Prince, believing this, bid her direct him to them, and he would force them to give her Satisfaction.

She had no sooner led him into a narrow Lane, but she shew'd him two Knights in green Armour, to whom he rode up, and having upbraided them for their uncourteous Behaviour, they answer'd him as roughly, whereupon charging his Spear against one of them, he threw him to the Ground, Horse and all, where he lay helpless; and being about to charge on the other, he found himself beset by divers Knights, who all at once rushed upon him before and behind; not regarding the Laws of Chivalry; wherefore, perceiving the Damosel to be gone, he found it a Plot laid to bring him into an Ambush, and so Murder him; yet he resolved they should buy his Life at a very dear rate; so,
lay-

laying about him furiously, he with many Wounds and great loss of Blood, brought all but one to the Ground, and he being about to fly, *Parismenos* pursuing him, by his Voice he knew him to be *Argulus*, saying, *Ah, Traytor: am I the Boar you design'd to hunt to Death? However, Dissembler, thou shalt dearly pay for it.* And thereupon, with a mighty Blow, he tumbled him dead from his Horse, and, being weary with Fighting, and loss of Blood, soon after fainted, and fell down himself as dead, and there had died, had not the Duke, missing him so long, and fearing some new Quarrels, come with his Guard in search of him, and finding him in that Condition, conveyed the dead Bodies, and him to the City, ordering his Physicians to take all manner of Care for his Recovery; so that by their Skill and Diligence, he was soon brought to himself, and related the Treachery design'd against his Life; which greatly grieved the Duke, but finding he had so notably revenged himself on his Adversaries, he not only praised his Valour, but was comforted with the Success he had in overcoming them, that so basely sought to destroy him; entertaining him in his Court, as if he had been his own Son, and commanding all Respects and Civilities to be shewn him by his Courtiers, where, for a Time, we must leave him in the highest Ca-

resses that good Prince was capable of bestowing on him, and return our former Adventurers.

Pollipus having lost his dearly beloved *Violetta*, made such Moan for her, that all exceedingly pitied him; he frequented Woods and lonely Places in search of her, leaving no Place unsearched, where there was any probability of her being retired, or restrained, in which he run very great Dangers and Hazards by wild Beasts, Giants and Knights he encounter'd with, in searching several suspected Castles, where



he thought she might be confined; yet Fortune, who still designed to be cross to these Lovers, directed him not to that wherein she was, but to make his Misery the more, he came to that of the monstrous

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Giant *Brandamore*, where, by odds of Number, after a cruel Fight, wherein he behaved himself with all the Courage and Bravery imaginable, killing divers Knights, but, beaten down by the Giant's huge Mace, he was taken up as dead, fainting thro' his Wounds, and great Effusion of Blood, and so carried Prisoner into the Castle, and there left to bewail his cruel Captivity in Irons, till rescued by friendly Hands, as shall be hereafter related.

Violetta being now in *Archer's* Castle, that cruel Tyrant, casting his lascivious Eyes upon her admirable Beauty, used her at first with all imaginable Kindness, entertaining her with the deep Expressions of his Love; but finding she was deaf to all his Entreaties, and spent her time in Tears for her dear Knight *Pollipus*, who he in vain persuaded her to believe was slain by a wild Boar, he resolved, in a Despair of ever gaining her Consent, to enjoy her delicate Body by force: and so, taking an Opportunity to surprize her in an Arbor, where she usually retired to weep, and bemoan her hard Fortune, after he had used all the Persuasions he could utter to induce her to Compliance, and finding her inflexible, he told her it was but in vain to remain obstinate, for being in his Power, he resolved to serve himself; and therefore twisting one Hand rudely in her golden

den Hair, with the other he proceeded to handle her in a rude unseemly manner; but she, who had rather die than lose her Honour, struggled with all her Force to prevent it; but that proving too weak, she sent forth such piteous Shrieks and Cries, as brought thither *Sorana*, a Woman belonging to the Castle; at whose approach, Shame made the lustful Tyrant quit his hold and retire, leaving fair *Violetta* pale, faint, and almost breathless on the Ground; yet resolved not to give over his Purpose, but take a more seasonable Opportunity to accomplish it.

This Woman conveyed the sorrowful Lady to her Chamber, and comforted her in the best Wife; when, being come to herself, and having tenderly embraced her, and returned Thanks for the timely Rescue she had given her, she entreated her with Tears, that she would find some way for her Escape; but she told her, she herself, in her Youth and Beauty, had been brought thither on the like manner, and that *Archas* had forced her to his Lust, and yet having had his Pleasure of her; made now little Account of her; wherefore, if it lay in her Power, she would contribute to her Escape; but it would prove very difficult, seeing that there was but one Way to the Castle, and that was always guarded, and none admitted to pass or

repasts, without bringing *Arca's* Ring as a Token; and that she was sure he had given strict charge concerning her, that, upon pain of Death, she should not escape, unless it might be contriv'd to be done in a Disguise, so that it might not be known. This made the sorrowful Lady weep afresh, and her Grief was so immoderate, that it melted *Sorana* unto Compassion, till she promised, at the hazard of her own Life, to further her Purpose, and that it should be in this manner: She should, when *Archas* visited her, seem more complying, and at length persuade him out of his Ring, which he would not refuse her, as thinking she knew not, being a Stranger, the Use of it; and then promise him he might come secretly to her in the Night, and have his fill of Love enjoyments. At this last Proposal, the fair *Violetta* startl'd, and look'd as pale as Death, supposing, by this Artifice, she design'd to betray her Honour, but when *Sorana* protested the contrary, and added, she would the better to bring it about, change Cloaths with her, lie in her Bed, and deceive the Tyrant, whilst, by the Disguise and Token, she might escape. This was put in practice, and luckily succeeded, though, when the Flight of *Violetta* was discovered, and that instead of so heavenly a Creature, he had all Night embraced one of his cast-off Mistresses,

stresses; he grew in such a Rage, that, drawing his Sword, he immediately struck off the Head of poor *Sorana*, amidst her pitious Cries, and Entreaties for Mercy; which, when *Violetta* afterward heard, it much grieved her, she had lost her Life in undertaking her Safety: however, fearing Pursuit, she fled as fast as she could, by unfrequented Ways, till at last she met with an old Hermit, who hearing her sad Relation, and taking pity of her, conducted her to his Cave, and refreshed her with such poor Entertainment as he had; and then, at her entreaty, undertook to be her Guide to the *Bohemian* Court; but by the way he died, leaving her full of Fears, and Perplexity in the midst of a large Wilderness; but, at the last, Providence brought her to a friendly Castle, where she found a Lady as sorrowful as herself, the Occasion of which shall be mentioned in its due Place.

C H A P. V.

How Parismus departed in search of Pollipus and Violetta: How Parismenos, in the Jests, won Philena, the King of Thrace's fair Daughter, and being warned of it in a Vision, he resigned her to Rhemus, to whom she was secretly betrothed before: how Violetta bemoaned her absent Lover; how he was rescu'd from Brandamore's Castle, where the Giant was slain: how Venola, the King of Lybia's Daughter, fell in Love with Parismenos, but was refus'd by him.



NOW Parismus, having promised Pollipus to follow him in search of his beloved Lady, contrary to the Tears and Intreaties of his beautiful Princess, leaving

ving her warm and tender Embraces, early in the Morning set forward accompanied with *Tellamore* and *Barzillus*; two valiant Knights; and though they sought in all Towns and Forrests they could imagine, yet hearing no News of him, coming unto a brazen Pillar, where the Road divided, they resolved to part several ways, the sooner, if possible, to accomplish their Undertaking.

Whilst these things happen'd, *Parismenos*, continuing with his good Friend the Duke *Amasenus*, and hearing the King of *Thrace* had appointed great Jufts, or Tournaments, and that the Prize to the Victor was no less than his fair Daughter *Philena*, his Heart was enflamed with a Desire of Glory; and imparting it unto the Duke, he encouraged him to try his Fortune, and if he succeeded, notwithstanding he was a Stranger, and many Princes earnestly lov'd the Royal Maid, yet he need not fear, but he would make such Interest with the King, that he should be accepted his Son-in-law, and hereupon he provided him rich and new Armour, shadowed with a Golden Forrest, and a Naked Man in it, leading a Lion, with this Motto, viz. *Overgrown with Discontent*.

The appointed Days being come, which were to be three, a great many Tents of Kings, Princes, and valiant Knights, were pitched

pitched on the Plains, so that they made a very glorious Sight, amongst these were *Rhemus*, a noble Knight, who dearly loved the fair Princess, and to whom she had promised her Love: This Knight was much dejected as fearing his Success, upon which all his Happiness on this side Heaven depended; but being comforted by her Letter, wherein she resolved never to marry any but him; or, being denied that, be wedded to her Grave; he took Courage, and in the Encounters did wonderful Deeds, bearing down Horse and Men before him; but encountering *Parismenos*, he, and all the Rest that opposed him, were overthrown: so that the third Day he remain'd Victor, none daring to encounter with him any farther; so that the Jufts ceased, and the King of *Arragon*, who run with others in the Attempt, much praised him for his Valour; so that he was received courteously by them all, and after a solemn Welcome had passed on either side, he unarmed himself, appeared so beautiful and of so manly a Proportion, that they could not but greatly admire him.

The King of *Thrace*, leading the fair Princess by the Hand, who looked melancholy and dejected, to think what might be the Event, presented her to him, saying, *Most noble Knight, you, to your Praise and everlasting Honour, having won my Daughter, according*

as I decreed, here I deliver her up to you as your lawful Prize, and in a short time I intend the Marriage Solemnities shall be performed. Whereupon, bowing low, and kissing her fair Hand, he returned his most humble Thanks; but withal, said, Divine Princess, how shall I think my self worthy, who am but a Stranger, of so great a Blessing, which the whole Business of my Life should have been carefully imployed to have deserved? However, I beseech your Highness to esteem me as one that is devoted for ever to your Service; yet, be assured, dear Lady, I will never consider any thing of Right I have, by gaining you the way I have done, but freely resign that Title, and leave it to your Choice, resolving to do nothing without your free Consent; hoping, by the Services I shall do you, to gain that Love which at present I scarce dare hope, as having no just Pretensions to so high a Favour, and Blessedness.

The Princess, upon this, returned him her humble Thanks, that he left her Inclination free, tho' he might have laid Claim to her by her Father's Promise, and was mightily pleased with his modest Behaviour; and so they went to the splendid Entertainment prepar'd for 'em; she concluding to take another Opportunity, to tell him of her Pre-ingagement in Love to noble Rhemus. But Prince Parismenos being in Bed, and musing of what had happen-

ed in the foregoing Adventures, which caused him to hug himself in a World of Joy, he fell into a sweet Slumber, and then a bright and glorious Vision appeared to him, he fancied he saw the Goddess *Venus*, all heavenly fair, holding a Lady in her Hand of most incomparable Beauty, that out-shined all he had ever beheld, as much as the blazing Sun at Noon does excel in Brightness, and Glory the lesser Fire that be-spangle the arched Skies : And whilst he was ravished with Joy to behold the fair One, the Goddess thus uttered her Mind :

*Renowned Knight, thy second Name
Is rightly stil'd, The Knight of Fame :
Fam'd, shalt thou be, thy Deeds shall crown
Thy Brows with Honour and Renown :
But yet the Destinies decree,
Thy Bride Philena must not be,
She to Rhemus gives her Heart,
And you true Lovers must not part :
But see, I have provided one,
The fairest that the World has known;
She is thy Lot, after long Toil,
Her Love shall make thee ever smile;
Then seek her out, and you shall find,
An Angel beautiful and kind.*

Upon this they disappeared; and when he awak'd, he found his Heart enflamed with the bright Idea he had beheld in his
Dream,

Dream, yet fancied that no Mortal could be so divinely beautiful; which put him into many Doubts and Fears; yet his Mind so run upon it, that nothing could move it, and therefore he resolved to go in search of her: And now the appointed Day of Marriage being come, and the Princess and he at the Altar, to the Admiration of all, when the Priest was going to joyn their Hands, *Rhemus* stood mournfully by, he surrender'd fair *Philena* up to him, and so far prevailed with the King her Father, by discovering the long and constant Love they had for each other, that he yielded his Consent to their Marriage; at which the over-joyed Lord *Rhemus* embraced him with Tears, vowing, at the hazard of his Life, to serve him for so unparallel'd a Generosity and Bravery of Mind; and so, being highly treated and caressed of all, in a short time after he took his leave of the Court, in search of that beautiful Lady, who had by this Time altogether taken up his Thoughts.

Violetta being all thiswhile in the Castle of Refuge, with the sorrowful Lady *Clarina*, heard the Relation of her Grief, which was, That the cruel Giant *Branlamore*, in the Forrest of *Ard*, had slain her Father, and taken *Madera* her Mother Prisoner, and that she, by her Brother *Paninus*'s Courage, had only so much time as to scape

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his Lust, telling such a mournful Story, that *Violetta* could not refrain from Tears, sympathizing with her in her woful Sadness; and then related unto her all her own Misfortunes, desiring that she might have some Guide to conduct her to the *Bohemian* Court, in hopes to hear there of her dear *Pollipus*. The sorrowful *Clarina*, moved likewise to Compassion, promised to assist her in this, or any thing else she should require, and also to engage her Brother to be her Conductor, when she intended to depart, but intreated her it might not be yet. Whilst the Discourse lasted, *Parisinus* came in and saluted his Sister, who had no sooner given him an Account of *Violetta's* Misfortunes, and desiring her to describe to him her Knight; he told her, to her great Joy and Satisfaction, that he had lately seen him in the Forrest of *Ard*, but whether he went afterward he knew not; yet at her Request, he promised to endeavour to find him out, if she would continue there for some time with his Sister; which she agreed to, and so the courteous Knight mounted the next Morning to perform his Promise; he had not rode far, before he met *Tellamore*, a *Bohemian* Knight, one of those that parted from *Parisinus* in search of *Violetta*, and supposing him to be *Pollipus*, he asked him so many Questions, that being well satisfied

fied who he was, he told him of *Violetta's* Safety, and what Dangers she had escaped, and that she was then at his Castle, in Company of his Sister *Clarina*, inviting him kindly thither, that he might see and comfort the distressed Lady; but in the Forest, losing their way, they came accidentally into a pleasant Valley, where stood a spacious Tower that glittered like Gold, and for the Beauty and Magnificence of it, it was called, *The Golden Tower*; where *Maximus*, King of *Notalia*, kept his beautiful Daughter *Angelica*, guarded by a thousand choice Knights, and attended by a hundred Ladies; upon the Account of a Prophecy made by an Inchantress at her Birth, That Kings and Princes contending before her, should not only waste his Country War, but even destroy his Life. And this was that fair Lady the Fates design'd for Prince *Parismenos*, as in the Sequel will appear; and here they found *Barzillus*, fighting with a Knight that kept a Tent at the Bridge foot of the Tower, to forbid Entrance to all without Leave, the Quarrel arising upon his setting light by the Lady's Beauty; but *Barzillus* having put that Knight to the foil, they parted good Friends; and so he went with *Tellamore* and *Bavimus* to comfort *Violetta*, who was over-joy'd to see 'em. And there *Tellamore* fell in Love with the fair *Clarina*, and pro-

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mised to go with the other two Knights, and
 set the Lady *Madera*, her Mother, free from
 the Tyranny of the Giant *Brandamore*; the
 first they met with was *Argalt*, the Giant's
 Brother, who had been out on the Scout,
 searching the Forest to see if any Knights
 were in it, and to give the Giant an Ac-
 count of them; for of late many *Lybi-*
an Knights had attempted, tho' in vain
 to rescue the beautiful *Venola*, the King
 of *Lybia's* Daughter, whom *Brandamore* had
 taken and kept Prisoner, in hopes to gain
 her to his Lust, by her Consent; but she
 all along resisted his Threats and Flatteries.
 They supposing this Man, by his great
 Stature, to be the Giant: *Tellamore* there-
 upon spurring on before the rest, came up
 with him, and put him to the stand: at
 which *Argalt*, growing angry, he very fur-
 lily demanded, who he was, that durst
 thus presume to come on forbidden Ground:
I come, replied he, *to desie thee, Tyrant,*
that darest to examine and disturb Passen-
gers, with the danger of their Lives; and
to set at Liberty a Lady thou hast basely im-
prisoned; and I suppose a Knight, who is my
Friend, that was not long since in this Forest,
and now is missing. At this he began scof-
 fingly to answer him, as in Disdain; so that
 the Knight being enraged, a fierce Com-
 bat happen'd between them; but *Tellamore's*
 Sword breaking, and he being at the Gi-
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ant's Mercy, the other Knights came in, so that assailing him on all sides, they with many grievous Blows brought him to the Ground, then, crying out to them in a piti-
 ous manner to save his Life, he told them he was not *Brandamore*, as he believ'd they supposed, but his Brother, and would (so they spared taking off his Head, which they were about to do) be serviceable to them in any thing they would desire: Then he told them that *Pollipus* was Prisoner in the Castle, and that he would not only pre-
 vail for his Deliverance, but the Lady *Ma-
 dara's* likewise, having sworn to do this, and they seeing the Castle very strong, they suffered him to depart, being got into the Castle, he defied them, and violated his Oath: This so enraged the three Knights, that coming up to the Bridge, they set upon the Giant's Guards, and made great slaughter of them, inso-
 much that *Brandamore* issued out with a great Train, and thereupon ensued a bloody doubtful Combat for many Hours, but then, the Knights weary with killing, and laying on mighty Blows, as also faint, thro' the loss of Blood, began to give Ground, but Providence so ordered it, that at that very Instant *Parisinus* luckily came into their Assistance, and knowing two of 'em, by the Device of their Armour, rushed in, and laid such heavy Strokes upon *Branda-*

more, that he staggered many Paces, so that the others having time to take Breath, the Combat was again renewed, and as fierce as ever, but the Giant sending for fresh Supplies, the Knights had been worsted, had not an unknown Knight, accidentally came to their Relief, who laid about him with such Fury, that none could stand before him, whereupon the Giant retiring, and thinking to repass the Bridge, he pursued him so close, that he forced him to leap into the Moat; where, by the weight of his Armour he was drowned: Then, entering the Castle, they found *Pollipus* had gotten his Chains off, and with an Iron Bar, killing his Keepers, in order to come to their Assistance, then they embraced him with much Joy, and told him the happy News of *Violetta's* Safety, which was to him the most welcome News in the World. Then they comforted the Ladies, after which, their Wounds were dressed, and refreshing themselves with such things, as they found in the Castle, they all embraced the last unknown Knight, that came so timely to their Assistance: And he, the mean while, casting his Eyes on the Lady *Enola*, at first supposed it was she that was presented to him in his Vision, and that now his Travels were at an end, but, as he had more Troubles to undergo before Fate would be so kind to him. And so

so, having rested there that Night, and left the Castle in safe Hands, they departed to see *Violetta*, *Pollipus* being so impatient, that he thought every Hour an Age, till he was in her Company, the meeting of these long-absent Lovers was with such Joy, as cannot be easily expressed, she hung about his Neck, and bedewed his comely Face with Tears, and he almost stifled her with Kisses. And *Tellamore*, who was in Love with *Clarina*, was not a little overjoy'd to see her dry up her Tears, and look pleasant, when he told her, her Mother was at liberty; and long it was not before he revealed his Passion to her, and had a very favourable Answer returned him, which was, That when she had tried his Constancy, he need not doubt of her good Opinion, and being preferred in her Esteem before any other. So that now every thing seem'd very pleasant, and promised great Prosperity. But *Vendola*, the King of *Libia's* only Daughter, being desirous to return to her Father's Court, the *Knight of Fame*, who was he that came last into the Combat, against the Giant, would needs accompany her, and was received by that King with all the Demonstrations of Joy and Gratitude, and doing many noble Exploits there, the whole Country rung of his Valour; inasmuch that the fair *Princess* casting her Eyes upon him

him, and contemplating his Beauty and comely Stature, his courteous Behaviour and ingenious Carriage, from liking she fell to loving, and that in so deep a manner, that finding him resolved to depart, she shut herself into a Chamber, bathing her Face in Tears, and making many grievous Complaints: which *Flavia*, her Nurse overhearing, went in to her, and with many Entreaties, under the Protestation of keeping it secret, found out the Cause of her Sorrow; and so to quiet her tender Heart, she undertook, in some measure, to give her some kind of Ease, by staying him longer in the Court: which she did, by giving him a speedy Potion, and writing a Letter to his Companions, that he had a secret Business to undertake, and they should not enquire after him, for at that time he could not go with them, but would follow them in a short space.

This took effectually, for he sleeping a Day and a Night, they went away without him; and at last the fair Princess, with Grief and moving Tears, expressed her Excess of Love to him, that he could not forbear Weeping, because he could not answer her Desires and Deservings, in giving her that Heart that was destined for another; and therefore not being able by his Reasons and Arguments to pacify her Sorrow, and ease her troubled Mind,

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he thought his Absence might best do it, and thereupon he secretly left the Court, leaving her in such Agonies and Afflictions, as would have moved the hardest Heart to relent, especially when she heard that he had withdrawn himself: And in this lamentable Condition we are constrained to leave her, and follow him on his Journey and strange Adventures.

C H A P. V.

How Parismenos came to the Valley of the Golden Tower, Address'd himself to the fair Agelica, the Lady he had seen in his Dream; how he fasted with divers of her Knights, and was at the Entreaty of Marcellus, taken into her Service; and how his Courtship was discovered, &c.

Parismenos, early in the Morning having left the Lybian Court, and the fair Princess over-whelm'd with Sighs and Tears, rode very pensive on, debating with himself about his future Fortune, till he came to a pleasant Valley near the Golden Tower, and there so great a Drowsiness overcame him, that he found himself constrained to alight, and tying his Horse to a Tree, laid him down on a Mossy Bank, to refresh his weary Limbs; whilst this Drowsiness lasted, and he lay in this Posture, the heavenly fair Princess Angelica came

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that way with a great Train of Ladies and Knights from the Tower, which he by reason of his Heaviness, had not yet discovered, she then going to meet *Maximus* King of *Natolia*, her Father, who, with his Queen and Son *Marcellus*, was coming to pass some time in that curious Building, that abounded with all manner of Pleasures; and so fortunately it happened, that the lovely *Angelica* cast her Head aside, and perceiving there so goodly a proportioned Knight, in rich Armour, she sent one of her Guard to rouse him, or to see if any Harm had befallen him: At the Touch of the Knight's Lance, and the Noise of the Trumpets, the *Knight of Fame* soon awak'd, and standing on his Feet, he no sooner saw this divine Creature, but he knew her to be the same that had been presented to him by the Goddess in his Dream; this made his Heart leap for Joy, and him earnestly to demand of the Knight where the Place of her abode was, and her Name; who very courteously told him, as also upon what Occasion she came forth; whereupon he returned him his hearty Thanks, and so he retired to his Fellows.

Parismenos having now seen what he long had earnestly wished to have a Sight of, was like one transported; yet fancied to himself, that only seeing her; without speaking, would not advance him to the

Happiness he expected : wherefore, putting on the utmost of his Courage, he thought he might not have a more favourable time than this, and so strong his Fancy wrought, that it would be difficult to meet with such another, so that thrusting in among the Knights of her Guard, bowing one Knee to the Ground, he begged first her Pardon, and then, that she would be favourably pleased to hear him in a few Words, and having Leave granted, he thus expressed himself : *Most excellent Lady, the Pattern of all Beauty and Virtue, if a Stranger (who has travelled so far, and undergone so many Hazards and Dangers to have the Felicity of beholding your Divine Perfections, which exceed all mortal things, and all other Blessings in the World) may presume upon your Goodness, I humbly make it my Request, That you will command me as your Servant ; let the Task be never so difficult, or dangerous, try my Obedience in it, and my Recompence shall be, that I have done something to please you, to whom my Life is wholly devoted.*

The fair Princess, whilst he utter'd these Words, marking his comely Proportion and Bravery of Mind, could not but admire his Courage, that not taking notice of her Guards, durst so boldly intrude into her Presence ; and thereupon replied, That he being a Stranger, as he professed, he had done rashly to press too close upon her

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and that with a kind of Flattery; which however, her good Nature would not suffer her to resent it as an Affront. But as to the Service he proffer'd, she had Servants enough, nor could she entertain any without her Father's Approbation; but she believed, if she should put him to it, in many Cases she would find his Words but Boastings, as it had happened by many others.

The courageous Prince boldly protested, That there was nothing that either Respect or Valour could perform, but he would endeavour it to satisfy her. Hereupon she drop'd her Glove, which he dutifully took up, and with a low Congy, presented it to her; but she refused it, ordering him to keep it as a Favour: This she knew would move some of her emulous Knights to try his Courage; which failed not, for one of the chief of them, named *Collimus*, followed him when he retired, and in a threatening manner, demanded the Princess's Glove, of which great Favour he told him, himself was more worthy than he; at this the noble *Parismenos* smiled, and said, *I esteem it so highly, that nothing but the Princess's absolute Command shall charm it from me: And as for your Worth I am unacquainted with it, yet doubt not, if the Princess will receive me into her Service and Favour, but to perform as much as you have done, if not*

exceed you. This enraged the proud and haughty Knight to that degree, that he challenged him to a present Combat, the which he the more rejoyced at, because it would be performed in his Lady's sight; but the valiant Prince at the first Shock tumbled him from his Horse head-long; and so he served three or four more that went about to revenge their Fellow's Disgrace, whereupon a great number were about to fall upon him; but now King *Maximus* being come up with his Train, and seeing the Contest, sent immediate Orders they should desist, and to bring the strange Knight before him; and when he had examined into the Business, and found him innocent, he blamed the others, and commended his Courage and Bravery: And at the entreaty of *Marcellus* the King's Son, and the Goodliking of the Princess *Angelica*, he was received into the King's Service; which he took as a happy Fore-runner of his serving himself with his fair Mistress; and so they went altogether to the *Golden-Tower*, and there the young Prince of *Natolia*, entered into so strict a Friendship with him, that nothing but Death could separate them. Here the Entertainment was very noble, and having his Helm off, he found by the Princess's often fixing her Eyes on him, he was not indifferent to her.

Being

Being arrived at the *Golden-Tower*, sumptuous Entertainments were ordered, and tho' *Camillus*, and divers other Princes, as well as the *Knight of Fame*, were there, so jealous was the King of the fair *Angelica*, that he divided the Tables, ordering the Queen to feast the Ladies in another Apartment; which, at this time, made our Knight lose the Opportunity of feasting on her Beauties, which he would have done, had she been there, more than on all the Dainties; yet, he dissembled his Sorrow for this one Disappointment; tho' he perceived *Camillus* was so uneasy and concerned at it, that the King took notice of him; and the Feasting being ended, with great Royalty, he took Occasion to tell him of the Suspicion he had, that he came to court his Daughter; but he dissembled it as well as he could; yet being of a haughty Mind, he was very much inwardly displeased; and soon after, upon some Affronts, hearing the King absolutely intended not to marry her to any, by reason of the foolish Prophecy, as he termed it; he left the Court in a Pet, resolving to bring armed Forces and take her by Violence.

During these Passages, the divine *Angelica* had, above all others, considered the lovely Features, manly Limbs, and courteous Behaviour of the *Knight of Fame*; so that indulging her Fancy, her Mind was so

strangely disorder'd, that she knew not what the meaning of it should be: and in her Retirements greatly bewailing her sudden Alteration, fearing that now Love had wounded her tender Heart, which before had been a Stranger to any such Passion; which Blushings, and then Paleness, and then Blushings again, *Anna*, her Maid, who was her chief Favourite and Confident, perceiving, so pressed her with Intreaties, and Tears in her Eyes, not to hide from her the Cause of her disorder'd Mind; that the Princess, upon the Maid's vowing to keep it secret, revealed all that had befallen her from the first time she beheld the *Knight of Fame*; whereat, *Anna*, confirmed to her, it could be nothing but the growing Seeds of Love sown in her Heart; and, withal, so extolled the Vertues of the Prince, recounting the noble Deeds he had done in *Thrace*, the Forrest of *Ard*, the Lydian Court, and many other places; and also how he was sent, by a Superior Command, to be her Servant; she conceived so good a Liking of him, that soon after he came along with her Brother to pay her a private Visit in her Chamber; she received him with very gracious Eyes, and gave him such Answers to his submissive Address as over-joyed his Heart; so that he thought there was no Creature living more happy than himself, as having in so short a space

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obtained the Favour, and in a great Prospect, the Consent of the most beautiful Lady that ever Nature formed; but as nothing is certain, for frequently, in the height of our Joys and Expectations, some cross Accident happens, and dashes all again; sudden black Clouds and Storms eclipse the clearest Skies; so happened it in this Case, for *Collimus*, who was in love with the Princess, tho' he had not as yet made any Advances that way, for fear of her Displeasure, ill resenting the Favour she had done the *Knight of Fame*, in bestowing her Glove on him, and fancying the Truth of the Matter, and now, by his Spies discovering this secret Interview, he made it known to the King, which so enraged him, that the Princess was clapt up close Prisoner, under a Guard of which, this Parasite was made Captain, with a strict Command to suffer none to enter without the Royal Signet. The *Knight of Fame* was not only much reviled by the King, but fell extreemly into his Displeasure; but this nothing grieved him, compared with the Sorrow he conceived for the Confinement of the Princess; yet Prince *Marcellus*, tho' the King gave him sharp Reproofs for suffering him to speak with his Sister, comforted him in the best manner, bidding him not at all Despair, for he would farther his Love, and so bring

it about, when the King's Passion was over, not only to release his Sister, but restore him again to Favour.

The Princess, in her Confinement, was as much perplexed as he, grieving the King should offer such Indignity to one that had never injured him, but appeared to be one of the courteousest Knights in the World: and tho' she looked lovely in Tears, she injured her beauteous Face in often shedding them, and complaining of her hard Destiny; nor could she rest, though *Anna* did all she could to comfort her with gentle Speeches and Perswasions, till she had sent her to learn how the Knight took the King's Anger: but withal, ordered her to do it secretly, that he might not know she had taken any Care about it.

And now, whilst *Marcellus* was labouring to restore them to their late Happiness, a cross Wind, from an unexpected Coast, shipwrack'd all their Hopes, and drove them on the Quick-sand of Despair, as will appear in the next Chapter.

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C H A P. VI.

How he was cast into the Lion's Den to be devoured, and by what Means he escaped; how joyfully Marcellus and the Princess received him; and how Parismenos came to the Knowledge of his Royal Parents, &c.



TO the former Cross of the Royal Lov-
ers, greater yet ensu'd, which went
very near to destroy all their Happiness;
you have heard how the Princess *Venola*,
Daughter to the King of *Lybia*, having
been freed from *Brandamore's* Castle, by
the *Knight of Fame*, fell desperately in Love
with him, and how he secretly departed
to avoid her Importunities: She no sooner
had notice from *Flavia* her Maid, but here-
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upon tormenting her self with Grief and Rage to be defeated, she fell into a dangerous Sickneſs, to the great Perplexity of the King her Father, who dearly loved her; no Care was wanting to recover her, but her Bodily Diſeaſe being fed by that of the Mind, deriding all Art, brought her for a long time in a very low condition, when in the mean while News was brought her, that the Knight ſhe loved was in the *Natolian* Court, and what elſe had paſſed on the occaſion of his Love to *Angelica*. This Lady was naturally proud, and ſcorn- ing to be ſlighted for another, whoſe Beauty ſhe knew not but might be inferiour to hers, and thereupon an Anger of Mind a- roſe in her to that degree, that over-pow- ering the Flame of Love, converted her Thoughts into Studies of Revenge and im- placable Hatred; which ſhe communicating to *Flavia*, her Maid, who had negotiated for her with *Parifmenos*, ſhe promiſed to further her therein; and in a little time took an Opportunity to tell the King a falſe Story, with feigned Tears, that his Daughter's Sickneſs proceeded from an A- buſe and Outrage offered her by the Knight of *Fame*, whom he had ſo kindly enter- tained in his Court, tho' he was unwor- thy of it: For, continued ſhe, preſuming upon the good Office he did the Princeſs, in re- ſcuing her from the Giant's Caſtle, he at laſt

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grew bold, on the Civilities and Respects she shewed him, misconstruing her Meaning therein, having her in a private Walk in the Garden, forcibly ravish'd her; and then, for fear of Punishment, secretly fled from Court, and is now in Natolia, at the Golden Tower, labouring to practise such another Villany on the Princess Angelica. But why, said the King, did not my Daughter discover this sooner? being in a very great Rage, and storming up and down the Room: Alas! said she, continuing her Tears, Shame with-held her from it, because that though she cried aloud, none came timely to her Rescue.

This plausible Story the King believed, against the most vertuous Prince upon Earth; and immediately wrote a Letter to the King of Natolia, to certifie him of the Abuse, and what an Impostor he had in his Court, who, no doubt, came to use his Daughter, by his fly Insinuations into her Affections, in the same dishonourable manner; which is such an Outrage to Princes Courts, that it is not to be born; and therefore, with many other aggravating Circumstances, intreated him to send the Knight of Fame bound to him, or that he would himself revenge an Injury reflecting so highly on all Princes, on the Person of the Traytor.

King *Maximus* had no sooner read this, but his former Prejudice made him believe it;

it; and therefore, without any Examination farther, he secretly sent a strong Guard to apprehend him, and accordingly he was surprized in his Bed, and by the cruel Order they had, hurried him to the Lion's Den, into which he was cast, notwithstanding his appealing to Justice, and entreating he might be heard to clear his Honour, which he valu'd more than Life.

Marcellus no sooner heard of this Outrage on his Friend, but like one distracted, he had like to have laid violent Hands upon himself; and because *Collimus* resisted him in going to carry the dreadful News to the deplorable *Angelica*, and he supposing he was the Man that had brought the *Knight of Fame* to his dismal End, he drew his Sword, and after a fierce Combat between them, forced his Passage through his Heart. The fair *Angelica* no sooner heard the fatal Sound from her Brother's Lips, that the Man, whom she loved above all the World, was unjustly slain in a barbarous manner; but forgetting her Duty, even at that time, which she had never been guilty of before, reproaching her Father with Inhuman Tyranny, and bursting forth into loud Laments and Cries, she fell down as Dead on the Floor, which caused great Weeping and Lamentation among her Maids, till they saw, by the Means they used, her Life returned again.

All this while *Parismenos* was alive in the Lion's Den, contrary to all Expectation, for tho' those furious Beasts kept a horrible Roaring, and were very Hungry, yet the Scent of Royal Blood charmed them into Mildness, according to the natural Instinct of that noble Creature, that he had no hurt but by pinching Famine, which grew fast upon him, so that he was forced to feed on the nauseous Food that was thrown to the Lions in that dark and dismal place; till at last, the Keeper drawing up the Door of another Partition of the Den for them to enter into, whilst he cleaned that wherein they were, and driving them into with a long Pole, he came down by a Ladder of Ropes, having a Pulley fastned to the Top, to draw up the Excrements, not dreaming of *Parismenos* being alive; but he was no sooner on the Ground, but the poor half-starv'd Prince, creeping from a dark corner of the Cave, seiz'd his Sword, and clapping it to his Breast, told him, He was a dead Man, if he offered to cry out. The poor amazed Wretch, not knowing what to think of this sudden Surprise, trembling fell on his Knees and intreated he would not kill him, and whatsoever he desired he would perform to the utmost of his Power. Then the Prince declared to him his Innocency, and by what Miracle he had been saved by the Lions, and that

that now, all the People concluding him Dead, he requested only of him, that he would convey him privately to his House, and swear Secrecy. This he solemnly promised, whereupon, to chain him the surer to his Interest, he gave him store of Gold; and he was after very faithful to him, contriving it so, that Prince *Marcellus* came to him; and soon after, to her great Joy the Princess, who had so long bewailed his Death, had News from her Brother of his wonderful Deliverance; which, without great Difficulty, she could not believe, thinking it an invented Story to hush her Sorrows; but at last, confirmed of it, by his sending the Glove she had given him, her Sorrows was turned into Joy and Comfort, and she resolved to escape, if possible, and go with him to *Bohemia*: And therefore secretly order'd him to retire to a Hermit's Cell, four Miles from the *Golden Tower*, and using *Marcellus* his Name, he should be kindly entertain'd by the Hermit, and that she would endeavour to escape and come to him.

This Mandate with Joy he obeyed, and found by the Token good Entertainment; but, alas! another Cross Accident happen'd, for though her first Hopes promised fair, the latter frustrated all, it so fell out, that *Maximus* knowing *Camillus* to be retired into his own Country, and the Knight of
Fame,

Fame, he fupposed to be dead, began to remove his Fears, and, at the Instance of his Queen, to Compaffionate his Daughter's Sufferings, and going to her, after a little chiding her for her Folly in fettling her Love on ſhe knew not who, he comforted her in the beſt manner he could, and to hush her Sorrows, propoſed ſhe ſhould go with him a Hunting, charging *Marcellus* to tender her with a Guard; ſo that now they thought their Stars ſmiled on them: The time being come, they ſet out with a very ſplendid Train, the Guard her Brother had appointed being all her Friends, who promiſed to do whatever he ſhould direct: ſo they lagged behind the King and the reſt, to make their Eſcape, when they were eager in purſuit of the Game: but unluckily for them, they fell into an Ambuſh; *Camillus*, who was returned, had laid up, on Notice they were to hunt that Day; but ſowell the Prince and his Knights defended her, that the Aſſaſſines were beat off and forced to retire; yet, the Noiſe of the Fight brought the King thither, and immediately the Dogs were call'd in, the Hunting left off, and the Princeſs re-convey'd to the *Golden Tower*. This was unknown to *Parifmenos*; wherefore wandering abroad to enquire for News, he was diſcover'd by two of *Maximus's* Knights, who fled from him, ſuppoſing it was his *Ghost*,
ſeeing

seeing every body concluded him dead; yet thinking he should by them be discover'd, weighing all Circumstances in his Mind, and thinking it might prove prejudicial to his Princess, he resolv'd to leave a Letter with the Hermet for *Marcellus*, and another for his beloved Lady, with the Promise of a speedy Return, when things should be better settled, and so pass to *Bohemia*, to keep his Promise with *Parismus*, and require his Advice and Aid in this Enterprize, seeing thro' the many Difficulties that happen'd, himself not capable of performing it alone.

So riding sad and pensive till he came to the Confines of *Bohemia*, where, in a Forest, he found a Knight going to ravish a beautiful Lady; whereupon he des'd him, crying, *Uncourteous Knight, what is the meaning of this Outrage?* The other made no Answer, but immediately mounting, charg'd him furiously, but in the first Encounter he was overthrown; upon which the Lady cry'd out, *O let him not escape, it is the Tyrant Archas, that has wrought me so many Miseries, and fill'd the Country with his Villanies.* Upon which, he knew her to be *Violetta*, his Friend *Pollipus's* Lady; whereupon he made him Prisoner, and led him, with *Violetta*, unto the *Bohemian* Court, where, disdaining to answer to the many Crimes and Outrages laid to his Charge, and they being nevertheless fully prov'd against

against him, he was, by the King's Command, beheaded, and his Castle demolish'd.

Here the *Knight of Fame* was welcom'd with all imaginable Expressions of Joy by *Parismus* and *Laurana*, to whom he gave an Account of all his Adventures since he parted from the *Thracian* Court, and by what means he was detained there; when, accidentally opening his Bosom, *Laurana* espy'd a Jewel hanging about his Neck, which she knew she had left with her Son when he was taken from her in the *Island of Rocks*; at which she look'd pale, and started; but whilst *Parismus*, who suppos'd some Sickness had seiz'd her, was going to take her into his Arms, and enquire the Cause of that Alteration, a violent Thunder-clap broke over the Palace, and a mighty Tempest follow'd, with such Darkness, that they could not see one another; at which the Ghost of his Nurse appear'd, with a Taper in her Hand, and express'd these Words:

*Princee of Bohemia, welcome home thy Son,
Who has for Fame so many Dangers run:
I sav'd his Life, when he was doom'd to die,
And from his cruel Foe did with him flie;
But I being slain, his Fortune did pursue,
Yet nothing who his Parents were he knew;
Therefore I am commanded to reveal,
What the kind Fates no longer will conceal.*

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Upon this, she vanish'd, leaving them in a great Consternation; but coming to themselves, and comparing Circumstances, every thing was so agreeable, that there was no room for doubt: *Laurana*, transported at this, embrac'd him, and wept for Joy, and *Parismenos* could not refrain from Tears; so that it was long e're they could come to a free Discourse again; which when they did, the News being spread over the Country, the universal Joy was so great, that we shall not here undertake to describe it. And soon after this, he made known his Love to the Princess *Angelica*, whereupon every one promis'd him their Assistance.

C H A P. VII.

How Parismenos went into Natolia, and the means he us'd to see his Princess; with whom, and Marcellus, he escap'd to Hermit's Cell; how they were discover'd there by an Eunuch; how the Princess Angelica; was imprison'd Marcellus banish'd, and Parismenos cast in a Dungeon, and by what means he escap'd; how Pollipus and Parismenos arriv'd with a mighty Army, &c.

Parismenos being now bless'd with the Knowledge of his Royal Parents, was not a little rejoyc'd as well because of the assistance he expected from such an Alliance,

as for that he might the bolder claim one of Royal Blood; and having settled every thing to his Mind in that Court, his Thoughts, which were still with his beautiful Mistress; prompted him to be speedy in keeping his Promise with her, lest she should doubt of his Fidelity; and so, having communicated his Intention to his Father and Mother, his Reasons weighed so far with 'em, that they could not gainsay his Departure, though they dismiss'd him with Tears.

The first place he went to, when he came into *Natolia*, was to the Hermit's



Cell, where he was kindly receiv'd by the good old Man, who had deliver'd his Letters, and told him all he knew; for *Marcellus*, a little after his Departure, found

an Opportunity to withdraw himself from the Court, and come thither in Disguise, being much troubled he had not found the *Knight of Fame* there; and by the means of this Hermit, who passed unsuspected, the two noble Friends met in a Grove some distance from the *Golden Tower*, and afterwards came to his Cave, where they told each other all that had befallen; *Marcellus* was exceeding glad to hear he was Son to *Parismus*, whose Valour and Vertues rung throughout the World.

Having rewarded the Hermit for his Kindness, and got disguis'd Habits, they resolved to go to a little Village near the *Golden Tower*, where one *Penora*, who had been Nurse to *Marcellus*, dwelt, and in whom he confided; here they contriv'd to steal away *Angelica*, and, by counterfeiting the King's Letter, they both got admittance into the *Golden Tower*; and by it *Parismenos* was appointed Captain of the Guard, till his coming, or further Orders; the King's Signet was so artificially affix'd to this Letter of Credence, that it pass'd all scruple; so that behaving himself liberally and courteously, he soon gain'd all their Loves, as likewise the Eunuchs who kept her Chamber-door, and by that means got an Opportunity to speak with her, by the Help of *Anna*, her Maid; who, over-joy'd at the sight of him, could scarce be kept from

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Swooning; but the time being short, and to prevent Discovery, it was agreed, that he and *Marcellus* that Night should convey her in an Eunuch's Apparel, which he had bribed out of the Castle: To be brief, they made as happy an Escape as Lovers could wish, had the Destinies consented; but, alas! more Misery ensued: Those Eunuchs that were not privy to the Design, fearing their Lives, immediately made known her Escape to the King, with the Means, as far as they could guess, by which it was brought about; which made him haste to the *Golden Tower*, from his City of *Ephesus*, and send out his Guards everywhere to apprehend her; and such a Confusion there was, that both Court and Country seem'd to be in an Uproar; the King storm'd, and the Queen wept, especially when she knew her Son *Marcellus* had carry'd with him *Dulcia*, a Lady of a mean Fortune, whom he had long courted. Many Days they sought, but no News could be had of them, for they shelter'd the Ladies in the Hermit's Cell; and their own Disguise was such, as they could not be easily discover'd, having changed Armour with some Gertulian Knights, who were their Friends; and so hoping, when the Search was over, they might get safely into *Bohemia*; but the Cell being very close, and the Weather sultry, *Angelica* grew faint,

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so that in the Evening, *Parismenos* ventur'd to lead her out in a back Walk, cover'd with pleasant Shades, to refresh her in the Air; but at length sitting down on a Bank of Flowers, and wishing for a speedy Escape thence, one of the Eunuchs, who had fled to save his Life, lying penfive in a Thicket, over-heard their Discourse, and knowing their Voices, watch'd them back to the Cell; and, to get into Favour again, run and told the King, who made no delay to arm his Knights and Nobles, and immediately surrounded their Cell, commanding all within to come out on pain of Death; upon this, *Angelica* and *Dulcia* trembled exceedingly; but *Parismenos*, grasping his Sword, defended the Passage, till he had slain twenty Knights, who pressed on, and had made greater Slaughter, if *Marcellus* had not perswaded them to yield, seeing their was no hope to overcome. Having hereupon, deliver'd up his Sword to the King, and asked his Pardon, owning his Love to *Angelica*, and declaring who he was; he was immediately made Prisoner, loaded with Bolts and Chains, and cast into a deep Dungeon: *Angelica* was stript of her Royal Ornaments, cast into a filthy Prison, with *Anna* her Maid, and *Marcellus* banished; whilst *Parismenos*, the Knight of Fame, lay expecting Death, he, at last, thought of a Way to free him-

self which he did, by feigning himself a lying, and enticing the Goaler to free him upon Promise of a great Reward in Hand, and the Discovery of an Infinite Treasure; who, for Lucre, taking off the Bolts, *Parismenos* with one of them fell'd him to the Ground, and taking the Keys, unlock'd the Door and escap'd.

Being thus at Liberty, he thought it not convenient to stay in the Court, hearing his Death was absolutely decreed in a few Days; whereupon in Disguise, he hasted to the Fields, and within a few Miles found the Plain cover'd with armed Men, which he knew to be *Bohemians*; and addressing himself to the General, who was *Pollipus*, to know the Cause; he told him, it was to rescue *Parismenos*; and that *Parismus*, having notice of what had happen'd, had sent him with those Troops to vindicate his Honour, and make the King of *Natolia* to him reason, in giving him his Daughter in Marriage. Upon this he discover'd himself, and told him all the Circumstances, and by what Means he had escaped; and so, mounting, they concluded to send defiance to *Maximus*, and march to the Walls of *Ephesus*; whereupon he issu'd forth with a mighty Army, which the *Bohemians* cut almost all to pieces; *Parismenos* and *Pollipus* doing Wonders, cutting their Way thro' whole Squadrons, till they

were stopp'd by the Heaps of those they had slain. So that *Maximus*, finding himself too weak, sent to the Kings of *Lybia* and *Barbary* for Assistance; the former of which came in Person to be aveng'd on the *Knight of Fame*, for the Injury he suppos'd he had done *Venola*, his Daughter bringing with him fifty Thousand Men; and the King of *Barbary* sent an hundred thousand, under *Santo de Lódore*, his Son, so that all the Plains were cover'd with armed Forces: but, before they joyn'd Battle *Parisumus* luckily came with fifty thousand *Bobemians* and *Thessalians*, and in a second Fight, overthrew them with incredible Slaughter; so that they beat a Parly, and *Maximus* came out of the City, attended by the *Lybian* King, the Prince of *Barbary* and divers others, who demanded of *Parisumus*, What the Reason was he invaded the Country? Who told him, it was for the Injury he had done his Son; and therefore demanded, that he would deliver his Daughter to him, or vow'd not to depart till he had taken the City, and compell'd him to do Reason. To this he gave only a slight Answer, telling him, his Threats were in vain, for she should rather die with himself, and all his People, than it should be done; and so returned to the City.

C H A P. VIII.

How Maximus, enrag'd at his Losses, and thinking Parismenos still in Prison, condemn'd him to be burnt alive; of the pitious Cries of Angelica and Marcellus, and the Violence they offer'd themselves; how the City of Ephesus was taken by the Bohemians, with the Death of Maximus, and how Angelica was stolen from the Temple of Hymen, and by what Means recover'd, and at last married to Parismenos the Knight of Fame.



Maximus, much enrag'd at the Demands of Parismus, immediately call'd a Council, to consider what was to be done; who advis'd him, the better to satisfy the People, and compose Differences, to recal

his Son from Banishment, and set the Princess and *Parismenos* at Liberty: The two first, with some Difficulty, he consented to, but as to the latter, he utterly refused it, being incited by the King of *Lybia* to Revenge; and so hotly he pursu'd it, that knowing nothing of *Parismenos's* Escape, he caused him to be judged and condemned for Ravishment, without being heard, as a Ravisher of a Royal Daughter, and to be doom'd for it to the Flames; immediately sending to the Prison to fetch him; but, instead of him, they brought the Goaler in a Herse, who died of his Wounds in the Dungeon: but, however, the King would have his Body burnt, to finish the Sentence.

The Princess *Angelica* hearing of this intended Tragedy, and knowing nothing of his Escape, resolv'd to make one in it, therefore, with a Dagger in her Hand, she forc'd her way through her Maids; who, fearing she would injure her Life, labour'd to restrain her Fury: and running to the Funeral-pile, with her Hair tore, and her Face defiled with Tears and Blood, she search'd for him; but finding he was not there, address'd herself to the King in a pitious manner, to beg Pardon for her Lover, telling him her Life was bound up with his, and that she would by no means out-live him. Whereupon, without
regarding

regarding her Moan, he order'd her to be seized ; but ſhe, clapping her Dagger to her Breſt, vow'd to ſtab herſelf, if any one approach'd her, reviling him as a cruel Tyrant, for taking away the Life of the moſt Loyal, Virtuous, and Valiant Knight in the World, with many other Expreſſions full of Indignation. In the mean while *Marcellus* came with his drawn Sword, as one diſtracted, and ſeeing her in that Condition, embrac'd her tenderly, ſaying, *Now my dear Angelica, I ſee thou art worthy of this poor Prince's Love, whom they have cruelly ſlain in Priſon, fearing he ſhould be reſcu'd, if they brought him to the Stake alive. Take Courage then, my dear Siſter, and with me kill thyſelf at his Herſe ; ſo ſhall our Names of Love and true Friendſhip be as laſting as the World, and build us Monuments of Fame and Glory to all Poſterity. Ah ! my dear Brother, ſaid ſhe, I had done it alone ; but now I will do it more noble in your Company ; come, let us die together, ſince my cruel Father thought him unworthy of my Life, for whom I may have lived thus long.*

Thus deſperately bent, they went to view the Body e're they follow'd him into the other World ; but earneſtly looking on the ghafly Viſage, they found it was not he ; This gave ſome Comfort to their diſtracted Minds, and made them hope the King had only put this Trial upon them,

to discover their Affections, and that it might be the Body of some Knight slain in Battle; so that they desisted from the Violence they intended, and went towards the Palace where *Maximus*, the King of *Lybia*, and the Moorish Prince sat to see the Body burn'd, to make farther Intercession; but, in the mean while, a Knight, all Bloody, and almost breathless, came riding up, passing the Crowd on either side, and bowing low to *Maximus*, said, *Mighty Monarch, and you the Nobles, hast to the Field before the Day be utterly lost; the Enemies are Victors in three Battles over your Army, whose Courage faints for want of their General's Presence.*

This News, and the Cries that were made at a distance, made them abruptly break up the Assembly, arm, mount, and hasten to the Field, where they found all their Squadrons in Disorder, fearfully flying, and miserably slaughter'd by the Pursuers; so that they labour'd in vain to make 'em rally. In the mean while, the Pursuers, seizing the Gates of the City, enter'd Pell-mell with the Fliers, the two Kings being the foremost, when they saw these Men would not stand the Fight; however being within the Walls, the Cries of the Ladies, their Wives and Children, &c. made them renew a desperate Fight, in a large Square before the Palace; and tho' *Parismosenos*, who had been so much injur'd by *Maximus*, yet in respect he was *Angelica's* Father, labour'd all he could to save him, whilst in a desperate manner he thrust himself into the midst of the Throng, he could not do it; for, being beaten down by a Bohemian Knight, he miserably perish'd, being trampled to pieces under the Horses Feet; And so the Prophecy at his Daughter's Birth was fulfill'd by his Rashness and Folly, the which, by Prudence might have

have been avoided. Upon this, the King of Lybia fled with his broken Troops out at the Posterns of the City, returning into his own Country with Shame, and the Loss of thirty thousand Men.

The City being thus won, the Soldiers were commanded to spare both the Lives and Goods of the Citizens; and *Parismenos* hastened to the Palace, to secure his dear *Angelica* from any Violence that might happen; at the Entrance of which he found *Marcellus* with his Sword drawn, and a strong Guard to secure it; but he no sooner made himself known, but, throwing down his Sword, *Marcellus* embrac'd him, crying, *Ab! my dear Brother, to what wonderful Providence do we owe your Life, whose Death, only reported, has caused such Sorrow on me and my Sister?* Hereupon, *Parismenos* told him all that had befallen him; so that with much Joy they went to *Angelica's* Chamber; who, at the sight of her dear Knight, fancying it could be no other than his Ghost, had like to have swooned away; but he embracing her tenderly, and making her see it was he himself, and no shadow, weeping over each other a while, they recounted the Hardships they had endured; and now began to consider, that Heaven smil'd on them, to make them amends: Yet the fair *Angelica* was much concern'd when she heard her Father was dead; but *Parismenos* shewing her it was his own Rashness brought him to it; and how he, for her sake, had labour'd to save him, who has been his mortal Enemy, she was better comforted. And in a great Assembly of the States, *Marcellus* was appointed King instead of his Father; and afterwards married the Lady *Dulcia*, who had suffer'd so many Hardships for him, living happily with her all his Days.

And now, the Court being full of Nobility, by the Arrival of *Camillus*, the King of *Thrace*, and divers others who had brought Armies to right the Injuries of *Parismenos*, great Preparations, by the Consent of all, were made for his Marriage with *Angelica*, whom they allowed so worthily to have deserv'd her; but as the Custom of the Country was, she going to *Hymen's* Temple to offer Sacrifice, very slenderly guarded, was taken thence by *Irus* King of *Tunis*, but rescu'd from him, by *Iconius*, a banish'd Duke of *Natolia*, who liv'd in a Desert.

This unexpected Misfortune caus'd great Grief, and much search was made for her, but all in vain; whilst *Irus* making Friendship with *Iconius*, had often Opportunities to visit her; but one prov'd a fatal one, for in *Iconius's* Absence, going to ravish her, *Anna* her Maid kill'd him with his own Dagger, and dragg'd his Body into a Pit, covering it over with Stones: During this, *Iconius* had met with *Parismenos*, on the Edge of the Forest, who was still in Pursuit of his fair Princess, and after a sharp Contest between them, they agreed with Friends, and *Iconius* invited him unto his Cave; when entering in, and seeing the Track of *Irus's* Blood, going to the Pit, and finding him there dead, he charged the Murder upon *Anna*; who boldly confessed it, telling him for what Reason she had done it; whereupon, in a Rage he drew his Sword, wrapped his Hand in her Hair, and offer'd to kill her: But *Parismenos* stopped his Hand, desiring him, as all Knights ought, to be more gentle to a Damsel; for certainly her tender Heart could not do so cruel a Deed without a great Provocation; but her persisting in his Fury, *Parismenos* forc'd her loose, and told him, if he would kill her, he should make his

his Way thro' him to her Heart: Whereupon, a fierce Combat began, in which the Prince was Conqueror, laying him at his Feet; who, begging Mercy, had his Life spared; upon which *Parismenos* lifting up his Helmet, *Anna* no sooner espied him by the twilight that enter'd into the Cave, but running to him, with open Arms, said, *O, my dear Lord*; and thereupon embrac'd him: He thought he knew her Face, but by her Voice he was perfectly convinced that it was Princess *Angelica's* Maid, and thereupon his Heart leap'd for Joy, in hopes, she being taken with her, her Mistress was not far off: which she soon confirmed, telling him the whole Story; whereupon, hasting by her Directions into a melancholly Retirement within the Cave, he found his disconsolate Princess; who, supposing him to be *Iconius* return'd (for she had heard nothing of the Combat) she intreated him to take away her Life, rather than keep her in such melancholly Sadness for the want of her Lord *Parismenos*; and so went on to express the kind Affection she had for him; which did not a little overjoy him, but when Floods of Tears burst from her fair Eyes, he could no longer conceal himself; his Sight, so unexpected, was to her as the Appearance of an Angel; she dried up her Tears, and embrac'd him tenderly, and, telling him some good Offices *Iconius* had done her, he took pity of him, and caus'd *Anna* to unlace his Helmet, and dress his Wounds, so that in a short time he recover'd, and thereupon they prepared to depart to *Bohemia*, and concluded it the safest Way to pass by Sea, seeing there were so many Forests and dangerous Places to go thro' by Land.

Iconius no sooner knew this, but he proffer'd to go with him, and got safe Passage bargaining

with one *Theoretus* a Merchant, to carry them into *Germany*, but, by the way, being bribed by a *Slavonian Knight*, (who beheld the Beauty of the Princess, and was a Passenger in the Ship) to carry them to his Country, where he thought, by Force or Persuasion, to gain the Lady to his Lust; But being on the Coast of that Country, the angry Heavens began to frown at such Treachery, so that a mighty Tempest swelling the Seas, the Ship was driven on a Rock and broken to Pieces; but Providence so order'd it, that *Parismenos* and *Angelica*, floating on a Plank, were taken up by a Fisher-man, and landed in *Thessaly*, where having News that *Parismus* and *Laurana* were then at the *Thessalian Court*, they repaired thither, and were highly welcom'd by them, and *Dionysius*, their Grand-father: And by the general Consent of all they were Marry'd, with all imaginable Pomp and Royalty, Feasting being held for forty Days; and many brave Encounters in Jousting happen'd, wherein the Princely Bridegroom exceeding all other Knights in Valour, as much as his Royal Bride did all the other Ladies in Beauty, and the excellent Adornment of her Mind. And so all their Days they lived in great Joy, and Felicity, enjoying after their Grand-father's Death, the *Thessalian Crown*, leaving only a Son and Daughter behind them, whose Fame has since fill'd the World with Wonder and Esteem.

The End of the Second Part.

The Famous and Renowned
History of PARISMUS.

The Third Part.

CHAP. I.

Of the happy Marriage of Parismenos, and the Princess Angelica; with the Birth of their Son Parismenides; Together with the Death of Dionysius, &c.



Soon after the Happy Marriage of *Parismenos* and *Angelica* was celebrated, with all imaginable Pomp and Grandeur, and the Princess found her Womb increase with a growing Burthen, to the transcendent Satisfaction of the whole Kingdom. Great Care was taken to prevent Miscarriage; and she was delivered of

of a fair Son, smiling even at his Birth; thereby, like *Hercules*, promising Wonders when he should come of Age. His Birth, Features, and promising Virtue gave unspeakable Joy to the whole Court, insomuch that for forty Days there was nothing but Feasting and Acts of Chivalry perform'd; in the latter of which, *Parismus*, *Parismenos* and *Pollipus* undertook to just against all Comers, and so nobly behav'd themselves, that they unhorsed many Knights of great Renown; but to name the Particulars that pass'd, would, I fear, be too tedious to the Reader; therefore let it suffice then, that nothing was omitted that may be counted brave and great.

But this Scene of Joy was soon after obscur'd with a Cloud of Sorrow; for the Death of *Dionysius*, King of *Thessaly*, who, bequeathing his Crown and Dominions to *Parismenos* and *Angelica*, died indeed in a good old Age, full of Honour, gain'd not only by many Victories, but more by his Courtesie and Affability, being a Lover of Virtue, and making it his Delight to encourage virtuous and well deserving Men: He was buried in great Pomp in the City of *Thebes*, and had a stately Monument erected to his Memory, with this Inscription:

*Here lies Great Dionysius, whose due Praise
Fame thro' the World shall spread to After days,
In Youth none valianter was found than he,
In Age strick Virtue, Love and Piety.
A Son and Sire to Kings; had he been neither,
'Tis Praise enough he was Laurana's Father.*

After the Funeral Solemnities were over, to change the doleful Scene of Sorrow, *Parismenos* and *Angelica* were crowned; and being settled in Honour, Peace and Tranquility, receiving willing Homage from their Subjects, *Parismenos* and *Laurana*,

rana, after many Endearments, departed to *Bohemia*, where at their arrival, they were receiv'd with great rejoycing; also young *Marcellus*, Brother to *Angelica*, taking leave, departed into his own Country, as did many other Princes, some to look after their Affairs at Home, and others to seek Adventures Abroad

Whilst *Angelica* and *Parismenos* were wrapt in a thousand Joys, often reflecting upon their former Sufferings and Misfortunes, concluding, by a miraculous Providence, they were now at an end, and their happy Days smil'd on 'em, and blessed in a hopeful Infant; whom, in his Baptism, as I should have told you, they named *Parismenides*, a Name signifying he descended from the Royal Stock of *Bohemia*, *Parismus* and *Dionysus* being God-fathers, and the fair *Violetta* God-mother, an unlucky chance beset, that damp't their Joys, for it so happen'd, that several noble Persons coming to wait on them, out of respect to their Fame and Virtue, *Parismenos*, after a royal Entertainment given, invited them to hunt in a neighbouring Forest; where the Huntsmen, having lodg'd their Game before-hand, to make the Recreation more easy, soon roused a furious Boar, at whom the Dogs, being uncoupl'd, pursu'd with a loud Cry; the Boar enter'd into the thickest of the Forest to shelter himself from his Pursuers, and held them a tedious Chace, sometimes turning to fight and disperse the Dogs, killing and wounding many of them, and again, when he found he was hard beset, turning tail and flying, till at last he came to a steep Rock, that almost thwarred the Forest; here he made a stand, not being able to get further, and, whilst he held the Dogs at play, *Parismenos* thrust his Javelin so far into his Breast, that with a great Cry,

Cry, he fell down dead, which caused a great Shout; his horrible Head he struck off with his Sword, and presented it to his Queen; who order'd the Wood-men to carry it, and the Carcase to the Palace. It being now near Sun-set all the Company prepared to return: when lo, on a sudden, a Night, black as Egyptian-darkness, overspread the Face of the Heavens, over-shadowed with thick Mists and thick Fogs; at which whilst they were wondering, it begun from the four Quarters of the Forest to Thunder and Lightning horribly; which, taken all together, seem'd as if Hell was broke loose, and the Fiends in hostile manner were come to assault them, insomuch that the boldest was not without some Apprehension of Danger, as concluding the dismal Event proceeded from no natural Cause; in vain they sought to get out of the Forest, finding themselves more and more entangled, as they laboured to do it, seeing many fiery Shapes of Giants and Monsters standing at the Aventures to oppose them; and, to be brief, in spite of all they could do, they were forced to wander till the Morning; then the Sun rising fair, the Enchantment, for no other it was being dissolved, they easily passed to the Plain, and from thence marched to the Palace, wondering at what had befall them, yet little dreamt to what End it tended.

CHAP. II.

How Parismenos and Angelica, returning to their Palace, found their Son carried away by Enchantment; with the Prophecy written on a Pillar in the Hall; and how they sent in search of him, &c. How Parismenides was carried away by the Enchantress Bellona, to an Island in the black sea, and deliver'd to a Hermit; and suckl'd by a Hind: by what means He was carried thence in the Pursuit of Adventures.



NO sooner had they entered the Palace, but they were greatly surpriz'd, seeing all the Servants in Tears: which they supposed might happen by reason of their Absence; and Parismenos believing it to be so, yet wondring their Sorrow should continue, seeing they were safely return'd, and began to relate what had befall in the Forest; but was interrupted by the young Prince's two Nurses, who fell at his Feet, wringing their Hands, and pouring forth Floods of Tears, craving Mercy, and

and entreating him to spare them from that Death they had justly deserv'd, in not being more careful of their Charge; for, whilst a heavy Drowsiness fell upon them, their young Lord *Parismenides* was stole out of the Cradle, and carried they knew not whether, nor by whom, since their search, in order to his Recovery, had been in vain: They further added, they were awaken'd by a sweet Harmony of Musick, but too late; for they found him gone, and the Doors open, that some time before had been strongly bolted. This unexpected News struck the King, Queen, and all their Train for a while dumb, with inexpressible Grief and Sorrow: and indeed, no Words can paint out the Agony it put them into: much ado had *Parismenos* to prevail over his Anger, in causing these careless Nurses to be immediately put to Death, or, as merciless Sentence, doom 'em to perpetual Imprisonment. *Angelica's* Tears flowed without number, and she seem'd to be weary of her Life, insomuch that he was constrain'd to moderate his Passion, to comfort her (who swooned away thrice) with hopes of recovering their Royal Babe again: when looking about, they spied this Inscription on a Pillar:

*Grieve not for him, who to seek Glory's gone,
Whose Fame Fate will have travel with the Sun:
Soft Ease in Palaces was not decreed
For him, that nought but rest to Honour breed.
He will be found again, and stand instead
His Royal Parents in the greatest Need.
He then shall a fair Royal Princess wed,
And be of Champions thro' the World the Head.*

They had no sooner read this, but they all concluded he had been taken away by the same Enchanter, or Enchantress, that had charm'd them in the Forest, lest their Presence might possibly

have hinder'd it. And this was the more confirm'd, by some Citizens, who declar'd they saw a bright Cloud, like a Chariot, drawn with Lyons and Dragons, in the Air over the Palace, and then saw it more Westward, and heard most ravishing Musick, and these Words, among others, distinctly:

*Come sweet Babe along with me,
And I will still take care of thee,
And make thy Fame in time to rise.*

Above the Earth and starry Skies, &c.

Till at last the Chariot vanish'd from their sight, which they look'd upon as a Prodigy, but knew no further meaning in't. Notwithstanding this Light into the Matter, *Parismenos*, and *Angelica*, were so dissatisfied at this great Loss, that they could not rest contented till they had sent Messengers to make diligent search in ev'ry Kingdom or Island they could fancy he might be carried into; lading them with Riches, in order to defray their Charges, or bribe him, if it might be, out of the Hands of his Keepers, if they should happen to find him: or send Word, and he would come in Person with an Army, if it needed, to rescue him; vowing, within 6 Months, to travel all the World over in search of him, if in the mean time he heard no certain News of him. And now the fair *Angelica*, being with Child again, in full time was deliver'd of a beautiful Daughter, whom she nam'd *Angelica*, and was in some measure comforted for the Loss of her Son, and the rather, because it was prophecy'd she should see him again. And under these Circumstances, I must, for a while leave the Royal Mourners, and follow young *Parismenides* to see what became of him.

You may wonder now who it was that enchanted

chanted the valiant *Parismenos* in the *Thessalian* Forest, and during that time, stole away the young Prince, whilst his Nurses slept: I tell you it was the wise *Bellona*, a famous Enchantress, always favourable to the Princes of *Greece*, and particularly to the *Thessalian* Kings; who consulting the Book of Fate, and finding this young Prince was design'd for mighty Things, concluded, that the Ease and Riot incident to Princes Palaces, which the Over-fondness of his Parents would much Eclipse in Glory; to prevent which, she convey'd him to a remote Place, where his younger Years should be inured to Hardship and Toil, and that, by Arms, he should seek to raise his Renown, being altogether ignorant of his Birth. In order to which, she convey'd him; wrapt in a Cloud, to an Island in the Black-Sea, and committed him to a Hermit, who was all the Human Creatures that inhabited this solitary Place, leaving a Bow and Arrows with an Enchanted Sword and Lance, to be given him when he grew up; the first to exercise his childish Years, and the two last to overcome in all Combats, and prevent the Power of Enchanters over him, when he should be able to signalize himself in Feats of Arms; also she left a Bracelet of Gold, enchas'd with Diamonds and Rubies, that was put about his Wrist by the fair *Angelica*, as soon as he was born, which, as it was design'd, proved lucky afterwards, in bringing him the sooner to the knowledge of his Parents, and preserving them from the extreamest Danger of their Lives, as will appear in the Series of this History.

The aged Hermit, who was a great Philosopher and Astrologer, looking earnestly on the Infant, and perceiving by his Physiognomy, what mighty

Fortune the Stars had destined to him, received him joyfully of the Enchantress, who was indeed his near Kinswoman; upon which, the Enchantress, cutting a Hole in the Earth, and pouring Water into it, after muttering some Words, a mighty Whirl-wind arose, and carried her thro' the Air, to her enchanted Island, a vast distance thence in the *Ionian* Gulph. Upon her departure, the Hermit presently began to take care of his Charge; when, going to gather Rushes to make a Cradle, the Infant waking, wept, for lack of Food; which a stately Hind hearing, left her Fawn, and running into the Cave, offer'd her swelling Teats to its pretty Mouth; on which, prompted by the Instinct of Nature, he greedily seiz'd, and hung sucking, when the Hermit return'd: So that this he look'd upon as a Prodigy; and from thenceforth she came every Day to suckle him, till he was grown up, and could be sustained by Roots, and such other things as could be got in that place, and on which the Hermit had liv'd many Years.

As our young Prince grew up, and could talk, the old Hermit instructed him in the Sciences, taught him to Read and Write, and how to handle his Bow and Quiver; shewing him his Sword and Launce, and telling him their Virtues; which was, that he that bore them should never be vanquish'd by Man or Beast, nor in Danger of any Enchantment. This made our Prince heedfully view them, smiling the while; and then pausing, demanded, if there were any more People in the World than they two? He told him, there were Multitudes, and in time, he would see 'em. These last Words greatly enlarged his Thoughts, to know and converse with them. So, in hopes to find them, he often traversed the Woods with his

Bow

Bow and Quiver, ever bringing home some Trophy of Victory, soon becoming the exactest Marksman in the World; for whatsoever he shot at, he hit; when one Day, being in Pursuit of his Game, he saw the Hind, who had succour'd him, hotly pursu'd by a Panther: At which, being greatly troubl'd, he resolv'd to rescue her, tho' at any hazard: who no sooner saw him, but flew to him for Refuge, in a beseeching manner: The Panther, whom she outstript, was by this time come near, when *Parismenides* drew an Arrow to the Head, and shot him full in the Breast: the Arrow pierc'd his Heart, and dead he fell to the Ground, with a dismal Howl. The Hind perceiving her Enemy slain, fell at her Deliverer's Feet, licking and watering them with Tears, as it might seem, in Gratitude: and, for Joy of their so lucky Meeting, he, in return of her former Kindness, strok'd her gently, and gave her some wild Fruits he had gather'd: but she would not leave him, till she had waited on him to his Cave. This Relation made by him, of his Valour and Gratitude, pleas'd the Hermit: but, fearing his Courage would carry him into Danger, for there were many furious Beasts in the Island, he order'd him to carry his Spear and Sword with him for a surer Defence, and going with him where the Panther lay dead, they found a Device to take off his spotted Skin, and, by rubbing it with Bark, and drying it in the Sun, they brought it to Limberness, that the good old Hermit, making Needles of Fish-bones the Tide cast on the Shore, and with the Thread of the Bark of an Axle tree, he made this young Hero a Coat of Mail, the Head serving him for a Murrion: which, being put on, he look'd like *Hercules*, returning from his Nemean Slaughter of his Lions: and now, his Strength encreasing,

the

the wild Beasts fell every Day by his Hand, which render'd him so terrible to 'em, that they not only refrained to assault him, but fled his Presence.

One Day sitting by the Sea-side, whilst he was musing how he came to this desolate Place, having now in his Mind some former Idea's of a-better, and wondering he saw not all this while those



People the Hermit had told him of, a small Bark, richly gilt, with spreading Sails, made directly towards him : yet could he see neither Pilot, nor Mariner, only a beautiful Lady sitting on the Stern, adorn'd with Imbroideries of Gold and Pearl, powder'd and bedeck'd with Diamonds, weep as one in Distress, looking lovely in her Tears : and, as the Bark drew near, sung that mourning Song :

Brave

Brave Youth, forsake this barren Isle:

Enter this Bark, and sit a while,

That I to you may Things relate,

Which in my Soul much Grief create.

A Princess I am born, 'tis true;

But sad Distress does make me sue,

That you would now to me draw near,

And know what more I wou'd declare.

The young Prince, at this was struck with great Amazement, whilst the Lady, rising from her Seat, entreated him to enter the Bark; which he boldly did; but no sooner were both his Feet off of Land, ere a sudden Gust turn'd about the Sails, and to his Wonder, the airy Phantom of which she was form'd: the Vessel stopped not, but drove on before the Wind, there being nothing in but the Prince, and a curious Suit of Armour inlaid with golden Stars, and studded with precious Stones, also a Shield of Silver, with a Star of Gold for the Device. In vain he endeavour'd to turn it, and recover the Shore, out of the sight of which he was carried off in a little time; where I must leave him sailing to unknown Coasts, and spare your Ears the trouble of hearing the Lamentation the poor old Hermit made for the Loss of him, whom he supposed to be devour'd by wild Beasts, or stolen away by Sea-Rovers, notwithstanding what the Enchantress had told him of his Sword and Spear, and for a while return again to *Thessaly*.

CHAP. III.

How the Messengers, sent in search of Parismenides, successlesly returning, Parismenos undertook to find him out; Angelica's Lamentation hereupon; and how he departed without her knowledge; and was, by the Adventure of a Damsel and Dragon, trained into an enchanted Castle.



YOU have before heard what Sorrow the Court of *Thessaly* was in, for the Loss of young *Parismenides*, and how many were sent into all the neighbouring Nations, in search of him; these, after tedious Enquiry, return'd sorrowful to their Lord and Lady, without bringing them the least notice where he was, or what was become of him. The News, by this time, had likewise reach'd the *Bohemian* Court, and cast a Cloud of sadness over it, insomuch that *Parismus* and *Laurana*, laying aside their Robes, with a small Train hasted to *Thessaly*, to comfort their Son and Daughter in this great Affliction; but neither

neither their Entreaties, nor the Tears of fair *Angelica*, could prevail with *Parismenos* to decline his search for him in all Parts of the World: And now his promised time to make it being come as himself had limited, he secretly made all things ready, than suddenly departing, it might cause, as he thought, the shorter Affliction to his Relations. But *Angelica* who suspected it, had her Eyes every-where; and being retired with him, having her fair Daughter *Angelica* in her Arms, she fell on her Knees, holding her forth to him, the more to have Compassion, as soon as her Tears would give her Words way, she thus accosted him: *Ab! my dear Lord, What shall I say, or how express my self in this great Streight? I would indeed recover my poor Infant, with the Hazard of my own Life, nay, the Loss of it: But to what Place, know either I or you, has the wicked Inchanter carry'd him. Let us live to be a mutual Comfort to one another then, till the time of the Prophecy shall reveal it; which threatens us both with Danger, therefore we need not seek it. Ab! Remember, my Lord, what Misery we have already suffer'd: and let us not tempt the Fates further, but submit to the Will of Providence, whomay yet do all for the Best: Yet, if you need will go, take me with you for an inseparable Companion of all your good or bad Fortune.* She would have spoken more, but Grief so surcharg'd her, that she swoon'd, as he was raising her in his Arms, and about to reply: and that Night ordering his Squire to carry his Horse and Arms to a distant Castle, after he had comforted her with the most obliging Words and tender Kisses to prevent his Parents Commands, he secretly got away: so that e'er blushing *Aurora* open'd the purple Curtains of the Morning, he was upon the Borders of *Hungary*: And now, leaving you to

conceive the unspeakable Sorrow his Absence, when known, created, especially in the fair *Angelica*, I shall tell you that he coasted *Moravia*, *Croaria*, *Silesia*, and all the Countries bordering, making diligent Enquiry, without meeting with any memorable Adventure, till at length, coming upon the Confines of *Austracia*, he beheld seemingly, a fair Castle: from which, whilst, his Eyes were intent thereon, he heard a lamentable Cry, and turning about, saw a comely Damsel, with a fair Child in her Arms, flying before a dreadful Dragon, vomiting Smoke and Fire: Upon this, drawing his Sword, he turn'd to encounter the Dragon, who came at him furiously, and tho' he often smote him, as he thought, yet no Wounds appear'd; at which, whilst he was wondering and pressing on more furiously, the dreadful Beast retreated to a Cave, and entering in, could not be found by him. The Combat was no sooner over, but his Mind gave him, that the Child he had seen, resembl'd *Parismenides*, demanding of his Squire which Way she went; who told him, he saw her enter the Castle; Upon which he immediately made thitherward; and finding them open, enter'd, but in an evil Hour; for immediately he was set upon by the same Dragon, and many monstrous Forms with whom he combated, but in vain, for this prov'd an enchanted Castle, to which by the Device before mention'd, he had been purposely trained; for in spite of all the Resistance he made, he was by a furious Whirl-wind thrown from his Horse, and bound with Chains; at which, his Squire would have fled, but could not, and so was forced to keep his Master Company in a loathsome Dungeon, where they found many captive Knights and Ladies. And in this Place

must leave the renowned Prince, whom no human Prince could ever foil, and return to *Parismenides* whom we left sailing the wide Ocean, without any certain Course known by him to steer.

CHAP. V.

How Parismenides arrived in Austracia, where he was furnish'd with a gallant Horse and Accoutrements by a Royal Shepherd: How he went to Court, and in Justin, overthrew the King of Bulgaria and his two Brothers, &c.



Parismenides, as I said, being grown of manly Stature, his Countenance amiable, the Enchantress *Belloni* thought it now high time he should enter the List of Fame, in order to accomplish those great things the Fates had designed him for; and she it was that sent this Bark to carry him from the *Desolate Island*, and a Lady's Form in it, that should enthral his Heart, as remembring her Promise, and not in any thing to be wanting to the House of Greece. Having thus

thus far unridled the Secret, I now proceed to tell of his fam'd Adventures.

Three Days and Nights the Vessel ran before the Wind, where he could see no Land, having only in view the blew Billows of the wary Deep, in which Mermaids play'd and danc'd before him, (singing his Praises) and the spangl'd Canopy of Heaven over his Head: The fourth Day dawning, and he much pin'd with Hunger, a spacious Country appear'd, which greatly rejoyced him; and, to his Wish, the Bark made into the Bay, and soon came to Land: Upon the first Touch of which he leap'd on Shore, and on his Knees gave Thanks for his Deliverance; the Bark staid till he took out his Armour, but immediately vanish'd from his Sight, when an aged Man, who had seen him land, appear'd to him, of whom he ask'd many Questions, as, Who was he? What Country? &c. To the first he said, He was a Shepherd, to the second, The Country was *Austracia*; to the third, That it was full of People. This much rejoyc'd our young Hero, who, in Requital told him his own Story, as far as he knew: Upon which, not doubting he was of higher Birth than he seem'd, he invited him to his Cottage, and feasted him with Cakes, which were Dainties to what he had lately enjoy'd; he also shew'd him how to put on his Armour, and greatly admir'd the Richness of it, when in the Helmet, crested with Vermilion Plumes, he found much Gold and Jewels. After he had refresh'd himself some few Days, the good old Man advis'd him to buy a Horse and other Equipage suitable to what he had, and repair to Court, where great Justs were to be held, in Honour of the King's Birth-day, and to win the Love of his fair Daughter, whose Name was *Asteria*, the most beautiful

tiful Lady in the World, where many great Princes were met to try who was the bravest in Arms; but he, who knew not what a Horse was, committed all to the Shepherd's Care, to furnish him; offering him all his Treasure; but he only took what was sufficient, and furnish'd him with a stately Steed, with rich Capparisons, and soon shew'd him how to manage him; for though he appeared here to be but a Shepherd, he had been a great Prince, driven out of his Kingdom of *Mingrelia*, by a Pagan Prince, named *Atilla*, and chose to lead this solitary Life, rather than by cruel War to waste his Subjects, looking upon it as the more happy Life. Now the good old Man caused our valiant Prince to mount, gave him Instructions how to behave himself in all Encounters, and attended him, as a Guide, to the top of a Hill, from whence he shew'd him the famous City of *Austrasia*, and the stately Palace, gloriously reflecting like the rising Sun-beams, and from whence he might hear the Trumpets sound; and there having embrac'd him, took his leave.

Our young Prince (all on Fire, to see these brave things) was soon by his Eye and Ear directed to the Palace, where he found many Knights preparing for the Encounter, richly adorned in Armour, powder'd with precious Stones that gave a glorious Light; The King, Queen, Princess and Ladies being seated, the Field was marshalled, and the Champions enter'd the Lists, to contend for Love and Honour, running such furious Courses that the Earth trembled under their Horses Hoofs, and their Launces splintering with the mighty Strokes they gave, flew in the Air like Arrows; then, drawing their Swords, came to a more violent Encounter, hewing on each

each others Armour; and then closing with violent Shocks, many a valiant Knight was thrown from his Horse, and laid in the Dust: *Armander*, the King of *Bulgaria*, who doubted not to carry the Princess, did Wonders, so that, seconded by his two Brothers, *Ormasdes* and *Adrimort*, almost equal to him in Stature and Strength, they foiled in six Courses so many Knights, that none were found to enter the List against 'em; till our young Prince enquired of the Marshal, if he, as a young Practitioner in Arms, and a Stranger, might not try his Fortune against those Boasters? He smilingly told him, He might, but not expect Success, where so many experienc'd Knights had been foil'd. To this he made no Reply, but gallantly enter'd; and, with his Launce, made a Sign to *Armander*, who was foremost, to run a Course with him; who, accepting it, they run together furiously; the *Bulgarian* broke his Launce, without moving *Parismenides*, but he, hitting him full on the Breast, tumbled him over his Horse's Crupper: which so enraged him, who never before had been foil'd, that, remounting, he drew his Sword; our Prince did the like, and mighty Strokes they laid on each other; but against *Parismenides's* Sword, his Armour was a slender Defence, so that by many Words, and loss of much Blood, he fainted, and fell to the Ground, leaving the Prince Victor, to the Amazement of the Spectators, who raised a mighty Shout thereupon: This so enraged the two Brethren, that, thinking to revenge their Brother's Disgrace, they encounter'd the Prince one after another, but were tumbled to the Ground, as were many others, who envied he should carry away the Victory from the whole Court. In the mean while the King of *Anstracia*, descending from his Seat, came

and welcomed him, desiring him to take an Entertainment in his Court; which, with much Modesty, he accepted. And so the Jufts ended, and great Feasting, with Musick and Dancing closed the Joyful Day.

C H A P. VI.

How Parismenides was persuaded to stay in the Court of Austracia: How his Thoughts were variously tossed, upon his beholding the fair Princess Asteria; and she the like concerning him: Of the Vision she saw relating to him. How the King of Bulgaria contrived a Plot to destroy him: And how he was stil'd Knight of the Golden Star.

HE being still entreated to stay in the Court by the King, Queen and Ladies, who admir'd him unarm'd, and unapparell'd, with a rich Suit, the King had caused to be given to him, for his manly Beauty and exact Proportion of Limbs, as much as for Valour, he accepted of their Kindness, and was lodg'd in a spacious Apartment: And now being repos'd upon a Bed of Down with Quilts of Gold and Silver Embroidery, his Mind run upon many Things; but above all, he could not but fancy the Princess *Asteria* exactly resembled the beautiful Image he had seen in the Bark; he thought her the most ravishing Creature that Nature e're produc'd, and that she as far out-shin'd the other Ladies, whom he could not but confess very beautiful, as the Moon does the Stars, when dazling in her full Orb she vanquishes the Shades of Night; and ruminating upon these Things, all on a sudden he found a strange Disorder in his Mind; he called to Remembrance likewise how, that in spite of all the Difficulty he used, he could not at the Banquet keep his Eyes from
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fixing on her; and that he often beheld hers fix'd on him, and that she took them off with some Pain, when for Modesty's Sake, she sometimes cast them downward, her Colour coming and going, as when Roses and Lillies mix'd, strive to get the Mastery; at which time his Heart panted and beat to an unusual Tune; nor could he now tell well what to make of it, as being innocent, and as yet unacquainted with the pretty Devices the Deity of Love uses to entrap and draw us on, that he may triumph over us. At the same time the Princess's Thoughts, tho' he knew it not, was but a little differing from his: she tumbld, toss'd and sigh'd, and wonder'd at the Cause; the Idea of the strange Knight, still represented it self to her; and tho' she had been courted by many Kings and Princes, she had never been moved from a steady Temper of Mind, till now she consider'd the stranger's gallant Actions, and thought him moreover the most comely Personage she ever beheld; wondering of what Nation or Lincage he should be; for, by his Demeanour and Presence, she concluded him no less than nobly born. And after this Contest with herself, she fell into a Slumber, when a Dream, sent from the Queen of Shades, presented it self to her dazzling Brightness, being a Throne of Jasper, Gold, and Rubies, plac'd a little Height, in a bright Cloud, out of which immediately sprung Lawrels of Gold and Palms of Silver, that shaded it round, when she saw the strange Knight in Regal Robes of Majesty approaching her, and taking her by the Hand, led her to, and placed her on the Throne, seating himself by her; at which, whilst she was wondering, a numerous Offspring of young Princes and Princesses came passing from between them, dancing

to the Sound of ravishing Musick, to her great Contentment; then she heard these Words distinctly pronounc'd:

*Fair Princess, this great Joy for thee,
The Fates in Marriage do decree;
Him whom thou seest now by thy side,
Shall make thee a most happy Bride:
A Race of Kings and Queens shall spring
From thee a Queen, and him a King:
Fame, Honour, Wealth, and all that's great,
As Hand-maids shall attend your State.
Then be not Coy, when he does sue,
For none else is design'd for you.*

This no sooner ended, but she heard shouts of Joy; at which she awoke, much troubled to find it but a Dream; yet upon second Thoughts, was better pleased, that it suited so well to her Wish.

Thus, whilst these innocent Lovers were employing their Fancies, and contriving to see and speak with each other, *Armander*, King of *Bulgaria*, and his Brethren, who lay in a Chamber together, vext at their Disgrace, were plotting how to destroy the strange Knight, before he took too deep Root; they had with Envy observ'd the King's Favour towards him, and the general Liking of all the Court Ladies, and particularly the fair Princess's, which nipt their Hearts with Grief. The two Brothers propos'd to assassinate him in his Bed that very night; but the *Bulgarian* King disallow'd it: but propos'd another Way, which might be done with less Suspicion: They had brought two huge Lions with them, intending to present them to the King of *Austracia*; these he order'd the Keepers should let loose upon him, as soon as he came out of his Chamber in the Morning; and when they had devour'd him

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pretended they forc'd their Way out of the Cage. This they agreed to, concluding it could not miss, so that the Prince, as he was Wont, rising early, came out of his Chamber; the first that saluted him was the two Lyons, swinging their Tails, and roaring like Thunder; at first he started a little, but re-assuming his Courage, he drew his Sword, which he need not; for no sooner had they view'd him a while, but all their Fierceness was abated, and they came creeping on their Bellies, fawning and licking his Feet, which made him take Compassion on them; then rising, they walked by his Side, till they came to the Place where their Keepers lay, expecting the Event; on these they fell furiously, kill'd one, and had the other, had not the Prince interpos'd to have slain them for the Blood they had shed, but that the other Keeper, somewhat wounded, persuaded him not to do it: for it had been a Justice from Heaven shewn upon them, telling him all the Treachery intended against his Life; saying, He was surely some great Prince of the Blood-Royal, that made them thus obedient to him. And the Avengers of his Wrongs he lead to the Cage, that stood hard by, putting them in, and lock'd them fast up, and so went his Way unconcern'd, charging the Man, on his Life, to say nothing of the Matter: but however, some, who from their Windows had beheld this, soon spread it in the Court; whereupon the King of *Bulgaria*, and his Brothers, being rebuked sharply by the King of *Anstracia* for it, departed highly enrag'd, threatening Revenge: But his Departure was joyful to the Princess, who now hated him worse than before; and from thistime, the Stranger, whom the King Knighted, was nam'd by him, *The Knight of the Golden Star*; when himself had

protested he knew not his Name, nor from what Stock he was descended, tho' they all concluded, he must be of Royal Blood.

C H A P. VII.

How Parismenides fell in Love with the Princess Asteria; of the glorious Vision she saw, and how by a Letter dropt she knew his Affection; with the Answer she return'd; and how they met and conferr'd together, &c.

THE Noise of these Adventures made the People flock to see the *Knight of the Star*, and behold him with Wonder and Admiration, shouting and applauding him; but his Mind was otherwise busied, than much to regard it; the Idea of the fair Princess was fix'd there, and how he should express himself to gain her Esteem, he was at a loss, as being a Stranger, and not acquainted with any who waited on her, to whom he might address himself to befriend him; he had not been long enough conversant with Men to Know the Meaning of Bribes, or what Force and Power Gold was; but the old Hermit having taught him to speak and write well, he resolved at last to save his own Fears, and her Blushes, and drop a Letter in her Way, carelessly, yet so as she might privately take it up, if it so pleased her; and after he'd accompany'd the King at a magnificent Entertainment, (where the Princess pretended not to be well, as fearing her Blushes might discover her Love) going to his Chamber, he writ in this Manner:

Royal Madam.

Compell'd by your darling Beauty and brighter Virtues, begging Pardon for my daring Presump-

tion, irresistible Fate constrains me to tell you, my Ambition soars as high as to ask leave to serve you, which I prefer before enjoying the greatest Empire of the World; and made happy by a Smile from you, I should not envy any one his Greatness, were he the Monarch of the Universe; but count my self infinitely more blest than he, thus to aspire, as it were, above the flaming Limits of the World: To love an Angel, like your self, is a Presumption that you may censure with just Indignation; but I stand prepar'd to live by your Smiles, or die by your Frowns: Who am, whilst breathing on Earth.

Your Obedient Knight oth' Golden Star.

This he so opportunely drop'd in the Garden, were she so usually took the Evening Air, that, she immediately entering, he had the Happness to see her take it up; and seeing it superscribed for her self, in much Confusion, open'd and read it, then paus'd, and sigh'd, as if she knew not what to think. And her Maids being come to her, she departed pensive and thoughtful to her Chamber, leaving him distracted in a manner between Hope and Fear, whether she had look'd on it with favourable Eyes, or with a disdainful Resentment; however, wishing for the best, he got out of the Garden unseen, and composing himself, as well as he could, made merry outwardly (tho' inwardly sad) with some of the young Nobility and Ladies, who much delighted in his Company.

Night growing old, and inviting to Repose, the Company breaking up, he went to his Apartment, where, after seriously considering of what he had done, going to Bed, he found a Letter upon his Pillow, without any Superscription; he eagerly snatch'd it, and by the Light of a Lamp, with

a trembling haste he opened it, and read these Words :

Sir Knight o'th' Golden Star,

IF I'm not mistaken in the Man, I found a Letter writ by you : I read it, and have the Vanity to think it was meant to me : If so, it seems you are desirous to serve me ; and, Pardon my Blushes, if I tell you, I shall think it an Honour to be serv'd by so worthy a Knight : be cautious, however, of my Honour, and meet me to Morrow at the furthestmost Bower of the Garden : So, with my Esteem, which is all at present, I subscribe my self,

An Honourer of your Virtues,

ASTERIA.

Upon this he kiss'd the Letter a thousand times, and in a Rapture cry'd out, *O let some Angel sound this with a Golden Trumpet to the World, That my fair Princess does not disdain to bear me plead my Cause.* He said many other things, so extasied with Joy, that he could scarce contain himself within the Bounds of Moderation ; he thought Time mov'd too slow, and every Hour a Day, till the bless'd Minute came, (which circling Time at last brought on) as she had promis'd, and he wish'd ; at which he found his lovely Princess alone, shaded with Roses and Jessamine, but herself the fairest Flower : He approach'd her with profound Humility, as some Goddess, to whom Divine Adoration was due, and bending one Knee to the Earth, he kiss'd her fair Hand ; at which she turn'd away and blush'd, as ashamed of such a visionary Love ; whilst he pour'd forth his Protestations of eternal Service, Faith and Loyalty ; in fine, he urg'd his Passion so long, that breaking Silence, she modestly replied, That

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the first time ſhe ſet her Eyes upon him, he of all the World, ſeem'd to her a Man the Fates had decreed her to Love, and ſince ſhe was better confirm'd in it, deſire him to be ſatisfy'd with this Confefſion. He was about to reply, but the King unexpectedly coming into the Garden, the faithful *Larinda* (her Confident) who had been upon the Scout, brought her timely News of it, ſo that our Knight highly ſatisfy'd with his promiſing Fortune had leiſure to retire thro' the back Allys: The Ice thus broke, theſe Lovers met often, by the means of *Larinda*, and ſo united their Hearts in the inſeparable Bonds of Love, that nothing but Death was able to diſonite them.

C H A P. VIII.

How the Queen, Princeſs and divers Ladies, were taken by Andivoragus, and carry'd to his Caſtle; the King's promiſe to any that ſhould reſcue them; and how it was perform'd by the Knight of the Golden Star, &c.

WHILſt theſe Lovers were thus wrapt up in Contentment, hoping in time to be more compleatly happy; the Summer being gay and pleaſant, the Queen requir'd the Princeſs to accompany her in her Barge upon the River *Albis*, and ſo, when the Sun had paſſ'd the Meridian, and the Air was cool, they enter'd, and attended with five or ſix Ladies of the Court: Buſineſs in a lucky Hour detaining the King, that he could not go with them, as he was wont; for having ſail'd about a League or two, a ſtrong Guſt of Wind aroſe, and drove them down with the Stream, in ſpight of Oars, till they came within ſight of a Caſtle, built upon a Rock, counted impregnable wherein dwelt a cruel Giant, nam'd *Andivoragus*,

who had destroy'd many hundred People; and he who was usually upon his Watch, soon perceiv'd they were in distress, and arming himself and six of his Knights, took the River in a Bark; and, rowing



towards the Barge wherein the Queen and Princess were, laid it on board; and, not pitying their Cries, Prayers or Intreaties, carry'd 'em to his Castle, slaying all the Rowers except one, who leaped over Board, and swam to the Shore to bring the fatal News that fill'd the Court with Sighs and Groans: The King, after uttering many pitious Cries, drew his Sword, and had fallen on it, to end his Life, had not the *Knight of the Star* stept in, and prevented it, giving him many Words of Comfort, tho' at the same time, he look'd pale and trembl'd, as being fearful of the Princess's Honour in the Hands of such a Monster, as the Giant was represented to him to be; but seeing the King still in extream Agonies of Mind, and freely proffering his Daughter in Marriage, with

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half his Kingdom in Dowry to any Knight that would rescue her and his Queen from the Tyrant's Power; our overjoy'd Prince, 'recollecting his manly Spirits, with one Knee bended to the Ground, implor'd the King, that he might have the Honour of this Undertaking; and the King, who before had seen his great Actions, admitted him his Champion, and renew'd his Promise, set forward to try the Adventure; and, after when early next Morning, bravely mounted, he long Travel, came before the Castle, and sounded a Trumpet to bid Defiance; which rousing the Giant, he came forth, and with a Voice like Thunder, demanded who he was, that durst disturb his Peace, for his Chastisement should be bloody, and his Carcase serve as Meat for the Fowls of the Air: To which the *Knight of the Star* reply'd, in an angry Manner, *Behold, the Man whom thou seekest; and know, Tyrant, thy fatal Hour is come.* Androcoragus at this lifted up his mighty Mace, and thought with one Blow to have crush'd him in Pieces, as he had done many others; but the Prince, who had alighted before, seeing him on Foot, nimbly avoided the Blow, which made an Impression half a Yard in the Ground, when flourishing his Sword, he struck him so full on the Helmet, that the Fire sparkled from it in abundance, and he stagger'd back ten Paces, and bent one Knee to the Ground, yet recovering, came on again furiously, and a dreadful Fight began between them; so that the Giant's Armour being cut and broken in many Places, the Prince thrust in his Sword to the Hilt, so that the Monster fell, and the Ground trembled with his Fall, he being nine Foot high, and six in Compass. His Knights, who had beheld
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the dreadful Combat, and not doubting the Victory on their Side, till they saw their Master fall, immediately loos'd two fierce Tygers, who came with furious Cries at the *Knight of the Star*; but upon the approach of the first, with a mighty Blow he smote off his Head; which the other seeing, and having received a deep Wound, ran howling into the Woods; upon this, six Knights advanc'd all at once against him, and for a time put him hard to it: but after a bloody Fight, they were all slain, upon which those within could not be dared forth, whereupon the *Knight of the Star* advanc'd toward the Gate, by a steep Ascent: those that kept the Pass rowl'd down mighty Stones to over-whelm him; but with great Labour and unconquer'd Courage, overcoming all difficulties, he came at length to it, and found it shut, when the Giant's huge Mace, laying on forcible Blows, he burst it in Pieces; then entering the Court-yard, he began a dreadful Combat with those that guarded it, making their Heads and Arms fly in such a terrible manner, that many being slain, the rest fainted, and were by him driven into a Dungeon; where, having shut them in, all but one, who he took to shew him the Ways of the Castle, he was led to a solitary Apartment where he found the Queen, Princess and their Ladies, with dishrivell'd Hair, weeping piteously at their hard Fortune; who seeing him all over besmeer'd with Blood, grew more afraid, thinking he was an Executioner sent to murder them; for such a one he promis'd to send, if they yielded not to his Lust: But he comforted them in the best wise, and the sooner to put them out of their Fears, discover'd who he was, which so reviv'd their fainting Spirits, that they burst forth into

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into Thanks and Praises of his Valour. Then having freed many other miserable Captives, leaving his Guide he brought with him, to look after the Castle, till Orders came from the King, setting the Queen, Princess and Ladies upon Horses he found there, he return'd to the Court, whose Arrival caus'd a universal Joy: The King, with Tears, embrac'd the *Knight of the Golden Star*, and loaded him with a thousand Thanks, whilst the People shouted and sung his Praises; every where great Feasting was held for many Days; and the King, upon Notice of all that had happen'd, sent Orders to demolish the Castle; yet, at the *Knight of the Golden Star's* Intreaty, spar'd the Lives of such as remained in the Dungeon, and doom'd them to perpetual Banishment.

C H A P. IX.

How the King, instead of performing his Promise, banish'd and imprison'd him; how he escap'd and writ to the Princess, &c.

WHO can conceive the Joy the Princess receiv'd at her Deliverance, but the more, that him she lov'd so dearly had the Glory to be her Deliverer, at a time when she was to have been ravish'd by the Giant, if she longer refus'd to comply with his Lust. Now hoping that her Father's Promise might embolden the *Knight of the Star* to ask her of him in Marriage without Offence, and thinking now their Loves might innocently be carry'd on without so much Privacy as before, they often met in the Garden, and in the Princess's Chamber; which being made known to the other Suitors, they thought themselves undervalu'd, that the Princess should throw her Favors on a strange upstart Knight, whose Parentage

was unknown; and from that time made it their Business to incense the King against him, telling him such wandring Knights came into Courts as Spies, to discover the Weakness of Princes, and betray them to their Enemies: These Insinuations so wrought upon the King, that when the *Knight of the Star*, on his Knees claim'd his Promise, he return'd nothing but Frowns and hard Language, turning away in great Rage, disowning his Promise, and commanding him to depart the Kingdom on Pain of Death. This made him reply in such haughty Terms as caus'd the King to imprison him, and doom him to Death, tho' the Queen and others interceded with Tears for him, and the Princess overwhelmed with Sorrow, tore her Hair, vowing not to outlive him, for she was confin'd and guarded, that she might not mischief herself; and so great was his Anger, that at Midnight the Murderers were sent to the Prison to dispatch him; who, seeing them approach, broke his Chains, and wresting a Sword from the foremost of them, laid most of them weltring in their Gore: and whilst all was in Confusion, getting his Horse and Arms, hew'd his Way through the King's Guards, and breaking open the Gates, got out of the Cry, and next Morning wrote a Letter, directed to the faithful *Lucinda*, to be deliver'd, to his Princess, entreating her to bear her Affliction with Patience, and not injure her self; for he would only retire till her Father's Anger was over, and then return to her again, in hopes of better Fortune. This by great Rewards he got deliver'd, and at the Sight of it, with the Joy she conceiv'd at his Escape, she was somewhat comforted, vowing to be constantly his in Life and Death.

The King being inform'd of his Escape thro' the midst of his Guards, was both angry and ashamed

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but he had little time to think of this, for News came that the King of *Bulgaria*, to revenge himself, was marching with a huge Army towards his Country, which made him raise Forces out of hand in all Parts: But of this more hereafter.

CHAP. X.

How the Knight of the Star, riding in the Search of Adventures, rescued a Lady, who prov'd to be the fair Angelica: How he finish'd the Adventures of the Enchanted Castle, and rescued his Parents, &c.

THE Knight of the Star having staid the Messenger's Return (and by him being assur'd the Letter was deliver'd) resolv'd to spend some time in search of Adventures, to make himself more known to the World, and if possible to find his Parents, rode pensively on by a Forest, where hearing pitious Cries, he enter'd it, and found a beautiful Lady pinn'd to the Ground, stark naked, whom two Villains were attempting to ravish; at whom he flew with his Sword, taking one of their Heads off at the first Blow, and the other he grievously wounded, who fled amongst the thickest of the Forest, and escap'd him: Upon this he immediately unbound her, and she putting on her Cloaths, mounted behind him; and as they journ'd, he ask'd her many Questions: To which she replied, she was a Woman of good Birth, and being marry'd, her Husband, for some Reasons, had undertaken to travel; and she never since having heard of him, fearing some Misfortune (in the Company of these two villanous Servants) had been to search for him in divers Countries, till at length inflam'd with lustful

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Desires, being weary and reposing in that lovely Place, they design'd upon her Honour; which she opposing, they had so barbarously used her, to compass their wicked Ends; which, Heaven be prais'd, his coming had prevented. In this and such like Discourse they rid on, in hopes to meet with some Place of Entertainment; when turning a By-way, a little Light appear'd before them, which, by degrees, grew up into a Pillar, and mov'd before 'em, leading them to, as they supposed, a very fair House, the Windows of which were illuminated with Tapers: The Knight of the Star, thinking to find Entertainment here for him and the distress'd Lady, pass'd the Bridge: and with his Launce struck at the Gate, which immediately flew open; at this he wonder'd seeing no Body; however, they enter'd, and call'd, when all on a sudden, two mighty Giants forcibly pulled the Lady from behind him, and hurry'd her away, she pitioussly crying for help to him, whilst others, with mighty Maces oppos'd themselves to him, who angry at this rough Usage, run at them with his Spear, and tumbled them to the Ground: then divers fierce Lyons were let loose; these he encounter'd with his Sword, and in a dreadful Combat, overcoming them, they vanish'd from his sight; upon which a doleful Cry was heard in the Castle; however alighting, he enter'd, cutting his Way through a Band of Knights that guarded the Pass, till he came into a great Hall, in which a Pillar of Carbuncle cast a Light like the Sun; and on it hung a Crown of Gold with this Inscription,

*He that me hence can rend,
Shall this Enchantment end.*

Our Knight had no sooner read it, but laying hold on it with his Hand; it easily fell into it: upon which

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which another doleful Cry arose ; then follow'd a terrible Earthquake, and innumerable numbers of Fiends, Ghosts and Spectors appear'd, tormenting an old Man in a burning Chair, crying out pitiouſly for Mercy ; who whiſt our Knight was about to reſcue, the whole Fabrick vaniſh'd with Thunder and Lightning, which continu'd till Day appear'd, when he found himſelf in a large Meadow, encompass'd with many miſerable Knights and Ladies, who praiſ'd him as their Deliverer, and the worthieſt Knight in the World. The Lady whom he brought thither, was the fair *Angelica* ; who looking ſtedfaſtly on him, and ſeeing the Ruby and Diamond-bracelet, that I ſpoke of before, ſhe knew him to be her Son, as did alſo *Parismenos*, *Parismus*, and *Laurana*, who imbrac'd him with Tears, telling him his Name and Birth, to his great Joy, concluding now the Prophecy was fulfill'd ; and immediately they went to the Court of *Bohemia*, which was nearer than that of *Theſſaly* ; and in the Way he told them all he knew of his being in the *Deſolate Iſland*, his coming into *Auſtracia*, what he had done there, his Love to the Princeſs, and how hardly he had been dealt withal ; for which they vow'd to right him, and gain the Princeſs for him.

C H A P. XI.

How the King of Bulgaria overthrew the King of Auſtracia in three Battles ; how he was ſlain by the Knight of the Star, who reſcu'd the City, ſav'd the King's Life, gain'd the Princeſs Aſteria, and was afterwards King of Auſtracia and Bohemia.

Great Joy was made in *Bohemia*, upon the arrival of theſe Princes, who had caus'd much Sor-

Sorrow for their Absence, and Messengers were dispatch'd into *Thessaly*, to relate the Safety of *Parismenos* and *Angelica*, with the finding of the Prince their Son: But whilst Triumph appeared every-where, News came, that the King of *Bulgaria*, and his two Brothers, with a mighty Army, had enter'd *Austracia* overthrow the King in three Battles, and straitly besieg'd him in *Arminda*, demanding the Princess *Asteria* in Marriage, or to reduce the City to Ashes, and destroy all with Fire and Sword. This News sounded like a Clap of Thunder in the Ears of *Parismenides*, who impatient of Delay, would have gone with a few to rescue his Princess; but his Father and Grandfather would not permit him to be expos'd to such Danger, but in all haste rais'd an Army, and by swift Marches came upon the *Bulgarians*, as they were storming the City, and part of their Army had enter'd it, giving no Quarter: This so enrag'd the three Princes, that, encouraging their Soldiers, they fell on like a Tempest, putting to the Rout all before them, till with great Slaughter, destroying the Army without the Walls, they rush'd into the City, and mingl'd the Blood of the Conquerors with that of the Vanquish'd.

Parismenides hasten'd with the Troops under his Command to the Palace, where the greatest Fight was maintain'd, and with his own Hand slew the King of *Bulgaria* and his two Brothers, which so dishearten'd his Soldiers, that they threw down their Arms, and cry'd for Mercy; yet most of them were slain by the furious Souldiers, who could not be restrain'd from glutting their Swords with the Blood of their Enemies.

The King of *Austracia* no sooner knew by whom he had been freed, but he descended from his Palace, attended by the Queen, Princess and No-

bles, and with Tears in his Eyes, thank'd the Knight of the Golden Star, and begg'd Pardon for the ill Usage he had put upon him; and leading the Princess into the Palace, in the Presence of them all, freely bestow'd her upon him, before he knew his Birth, to both their Hearts Content; but when he was known to be the Son of the renown'd *Parismenos*, and Grandson to *Parismus*, the Marriage was celebrated with double Pomp: And the King of *Austracia* soon after dying of the Wounds he had received in the Battle, *Parismenides* and his fair Princess succeeded him in his Kingdom, having a numerous Off-spring, who, by their Valour and Beauty, were rais'd to Thrones, and blessed *Europe* with a lasting Progeny of Princes; and *Parismus*, worn out with Age, and the many Battles he had fought, dying, left the Kingdom, of *Bohemia* to his Grandson, who long flourish'd in great Tranquility by this happy Match, which the Sage *Friston* the Enchanter, an Enemy to the House of *Greece*, had labour'd to hinder, in Favour of the King of *Bulgaria*; and to that end had rais'd the Enchanted Castle, spoken of in the foregoing Chapter, thinking to have shut up these Princes in it, and render them for ever useless to the World, but was deceiv'd by *Bellonia*, who gave Arms to *Parismenides*, to enable him to dissolve the Enchantment. And now *Parismenos* being return'd into *Thessaly*, marry'd his fair Daughter to the King of *Epirus*, in whose Court she flourish'd many Years. And thus I put an End to the History of these renowned Persons, whose Valour and Beauty has charm'd the World with Wonder.

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